

Twentieth Year--November 2, 1912

Los Angeles, California--Price Ten Cents

# *The* GRAPHIC



## RAINBOWS

By EDITH DALEY

Clouds on the distant hilltops,  
The hilltops newly green,  
But over the rain and shadow---  
A rainbow's radiant sheen !  
The shadowy hills of the future  
Are gray with darksome fears;  
But arching the far horizon---  
Hope's rainbow in our tears !

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## LOGICAL VIEW OF TUESDAY'S VOTE

CALIFORNIA'S verdict on the election while confined to a choice of Wilson or Roosevelt is causing no end of speculation among politicians east and west. The New York Herald canvass gives the state to Wilson, which view we believe will prove correct, but the New York Sun seems to have accepted the third party's own estimate without investigation and credits the state to Roosevelt by one hundred thousand plurality. There will be between 600,000 and 700,000 votes cast in California and of these the proportion should run about as follows: male Democratic vote, 150,000; women, 75,000; total, 225,000. Taft votes for Wilson, men and women, 100,000; grand total, 325,000. For Roosevelt, male vote, 200,000; women, 100,000; total, 300,000. This will leave from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand for the Socialist and Prohibition candidates. Taft, doubtless, will get a few hundred votes, possibly two thousand.

We do not underestimate the Roosevelt votes in the state. He will have a majority of ten thousand in Southern California, but it will be offset by the big vote for Wilson in the north, where the third party strength is less pronounced and where the political idiosyncrasies of the governor are better understood and estimated. A light vote in California will mean that Taft Republicans are sulking in their tents and are making no effort to retaliate on their betrayers. In that event Roosevelt will get the electoral vote. But we do not look for such a contingency. Everywhere, a spirit of resentment is apparent, indicating a stern resolve to rebuke the title-jumping "thirders" in the only feasible way. There are nearly one million registered votes in the state and that seventy per cent of these will be recorded next Tuesday is not an unreasonable expectation. In that event Wilson will be the gainer. A light vote, anything below 600,000, will mean a Roosevelt decision.

In the nation at large all sorts of unreasonable forecasts are being promulgated by the respective Roosevelt and Taft managers, in nowise justified by conditions. It is likely that 16,000,000 votes will be cast November 5, of which Gov. Wilson should receive upward of 8,000,000. Bryan polled 6,400,000 votes in 1908. That Wilson will retain this full party vote is a fair assumption. That he will draw one-third more from the Taft strength is also highly probable. Mr. Taft polled 7,678,000 votes in 1908 or 50,000 more than went to Roosevelt in 1904. Conceding the third party candidate a majority of this full party vote, or 4,000,000, will still leave him hopelessly in the rear. The Taft-Roosevelt total electoral strength is not likely to exceed fifty votes. We repeat our

former assertion that Gov. Wilson will be elected by the largest popular vote ever received by a candidate for President.

## SHERMAN'S DEMISE AND THE OUTLOOK

HOWEVER much one may have disapproved the political affiliations and standpat tendencies of the late Vice-President J. S. Sherman, that he was of a sunny nature and highly regarded by his associates of the United States senate, irrespective of party, no one disputes. He has been a pretty sick man for many months and in view of his precarious physical condition the unwisdom of conscripting him as a candidate in a presidential campaign is apparent. Perhaps, the ones responsible realized that the honor conferred entailed no exertion since the cause was never otherwise than hopeless and that sick or well the obligation was of a negligible nature. With Sherman's demise "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Sereno Payne are the only two left in congress of the old standpat coterie that formerly included Dalzell and Tawney. Cannon, by the way, has the fight of his life at this time for re-election.

Owing to the hopelessness of the Taft candidacy doubtless there will be no great rivalry evinced among eligible Republicans to be named by the Republican national committee to fill the vacancy on the party ticket. In fact, it is too late to offer a substitute. As in the case of Horace Greeley, who died three weeks after the 1872 election, the electors will probably be found casting votes for the defunct candidate when the college meets—providing the Taft ticket succeeds in carrying a state—solemnly ignoring the fact that only one-half of the ticket is in existence. More than ever the necessity of electing Wilson, to avoid any deadlock in the house and reversion to the senate for a choice, become apparent. In the event of a failure of any one of the presidential candidates to receive a majority of the votes of the electoral college the decision is transferred to the house of representatives and in case of inability there to agree the senate is empowered to settle the question, voting on the two vice-presidential candidates receiving the highest votes. Pending a decision President Taft would remain in office.

Of course, nobody wants to see any such contingency arise nor do we believe there is a remote likelihood of the country having to confront so deplorable a situation. That Gov. Wilson is elected today in the minds of a vast majority of the people we firmly believe and that his popular vote will exceed that cast for any previous presidential candidate appears altogether probable. He has steadily grown in favor from the day he was nominated and his broadguage views on all public questions indicate the intelligent student of economic questions, the constructional statesman, the man of convictions, of strong will power, of genuine progressivism.

## CLAIM-JUMPERS DISPLAY ILL-TEMPER

CROOKED reactionaries, knaves and traitors are among the choice epithets bestowed by the chagrined Los Angeles morning organ of the third party on the Wilson Republicans as it views the wide revolt in the Republican ranks in this state against the trickery of the claim-jumpers who have refused Taft Republicans the right of party expression. Third party organs in denying the charge of chicanery affirm that the managers of Mr. Taft's candidacy—they fear to use the term, Republicans—might have gained place on the ballot easily enough by circulating a petition.

So they might, but the Tribune, one of the loudest bawlers, omits to point out that not as Republicans could the disfranchised Taft electors have been admitted to the ballot. Herein lies the rub and herein

Gov. Johnson was insincere when he affected to give to his Maine audiences the true status of the political crime wrought by his associates in California. In rebuking the governor for the half truths he told the men of Maine the San Diego Union declares that Hiram Johnson never made a more misleading plea in behalf of a crook whose case was desperate. He did not tell his auditors, says the Union, "that the Taft Republicans did not choose to imitate the Bull Moosers and place candidates in the field under false colors. He did not explain that his grievance against the Taft men of California is that they declined to play a game the dice for which they had seen loaded. Holy Hiram is a humbug, and unless those eastern Yankees are devoid of their traditional shrewdness, they have already seen through the hypocrisy of this Armageddon champion of 'social justice.'"

This is strong language, but well deserved. Truth is, the third party leaders have overreached. In trying to grab all they are in imminent danger of losing the state. In fact, we think their high-handed action has already cost them the thirteen electors. The Republicans are mad, clear through, and they will not be satisfied until they have administered a severe castigation to the buccaneers of the third party. We look to see the state declare for Wilson by a plurality ranging from ten to twenty-five thousand. The trodden upon worm is bound to turn; it is axiomatic.

## RECALLING PERTINENT HISTORY

EFFORT has been made by the opposition to Gov. Wilson to show that his election would prove "as great a menace to the country's prosperity as that caused by Grover Cleveland's election in 1892." Even Mr. Taft, who ought to know better, has joined the chorus of those who argue that the sun shines only under a Republican administration and that bountiful crops are equally a concomitant of the G. O. P.'s regime. The inference to be drawn is, of course, that only by continuing Mr. Taft in office will it be possible to insure against a repetition of the "disastrous times" which followed the election of Mr. Cleveland. Always, regardless of the facts, the hard times of 1893-4 are attributed to the administration of President Cleveland and the workings of the Wilson tariff law.

It is well to glance backward and briefly review the political situation both before and after the election of 1892. From the passage of the McKinley bill in 1890 the United States treasury was gradually depleted and when Mr. Cleveland assumed office he found the national finances in anything but a satisfactory condition. In August of that year, 1893, came on the panic, which standpat Republicans and now Roosevelt "thirders" assume to charge to the Cleveland administration and the Wilson tariff. What utter nonsense! The Wilson bill was not passed until the following year, 1894, and the business of the country at the time of the panic, was still suffering from the ill-effects of the McKinley bill. As a matter of fact when Cleveland went out of office the first time, in place of a depleted treasury, he left a great surplus to his successor, which the Harrison administration hastened to unload and did it so effectively that before the end of his term of office Secretary Shaw, reminds the New York Times, "was casting about for means to strengthen the gold reserves." But the Republicans and the third party organs are discreetly silent as to this episode.

Let it be distinctly remembered, then, that the panic of 1893 was in no sense due to the Wilson tariff bill since that was not formulated till a year later. Instead of hard times, the Cleveland administration was productive of good times and the platform orators who shout to the contrary in this campaign are either

unfrank or else woefully ignorant of the political history of their country. Mr. Cleveland, in 1892, (as with Gov. Wilson twenty years after) was elected by the people as a protest against the tariff. Instead of revising rates downward the McKinley bill in many instances foolishly advanced them. What happened in consequence is history. The west rebelled and in anger withdrew its support from the party responsible. First came the congressional reversal in 1890, duplicated in 1910, and then the triumph of Cleveland, which again is to be followed by Gov. Wilson's election and on similar grounds. Let us have no more stupid or deceitful allusions to the panic of 1893 as being chargeable to the Democrats and tariff revision. It was the exact opposite that was to blame.

#### CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS REVIEWED

VOTERS who would do their whole duty at the polls November 5, having come to a decision in regard to individual candidates, are now considering the merits and demerits of the several constitutional amendments and initiative and referendum propositions which appear on the ballot. We feel that the initiative measure relating to the formation of consolidated city and county governments is pretty well understood by the electorate as a trap to be avoided and that it will be roundly defeated is freely predicted. It is drawn wholly in the interests of two cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and holds great menace for all contiguous territory, besides being calculated to give undue political power to these centers to the detriment of the state at large. A negative vote is strongly advisable.

Next in order of importance is what is known as the Home Rule Tax Amendment. Not yet having accomplished separation of state from local taxation, it would be extremely unwise to attempt any important change in the tax laws until the state has amply demonstrated its ability to support itself by the separate revenues provided for it under Amendment No. 1, adopted two years ago. Until this method has been affirmed by the upper courts, in which protesting cases are now pending, it would be folly to precipitate local changes based upon the unqualified acceptance of the 1910 amendment. Besides, the possibility of ad valorem taxation to supplement corporation revenues, due to unusual drains on the state treasury, renders home rule taxation extremely risky at this time. One county might exempt from taxation personal property or improvements, locally, yet the state is bound to assess all properties in uniform manner. It can play no favorites. In the event of a deficiency tax all counties must be assessed proportionately upon the same classes of property. Until complete separation of state and local taxation is effected it is unwise to attempt radical changes, hence the Home Rule Tax Amendment ought to be defeated.

As to the humbugging "act to prohibit book-making and pool selling" we have previously desecanted upon that at length. It is an insidious attempt to revive gambling on horse races by exchanging one form of wagering for another. Horse racing, per se, is fine sport, but it seems impossible to conduct the amusement without the gambling concomitant and for the protection of weak mankind this form of relaxation will have to be abandoned. That is the penalty the strong must pay to insure the better welfare of the weak. It is a form of paternalism which the majority must enforce for the good of society in the mass. Purposely, we have considered these three measures in their order of importance. All should be rejected.

Important to the masses is the free text book amendment which is given second place on the ballot. This, too, we have previously reviewed on its merits and shown why it should be ratified. The proposition is that text books for use in the day and evening elementary schools, shall be furnished by the state free of charge or of any cost whatever to the children attending such schools. Inasmuch as the state furnishes a free education in all other particulars there seems to be no good reason why free text books should be withheld from the public school system. A

reorganization of the state board of education by the legislature is contemplated by the amendment which, too, may be safely indorsed.

Amendment No. 3, first on the ballot, proposes to give the bonds of irrigation districts the same privileges that are enjoyed by state, county and municipal securities, under proper restriction to assure their stability. The purpose is to recognize them as legal investments for all trust funds and as security for deposits of public moneys in banks. The effect will be to broaden the market for this class of securities and by this much stimulate the development of arable lands in the state depending upon irrigation. As all irrigation bond issues are to be carefully investigated by a state commission we can see no objection to the ratification of the measure. With the three amendments pertaining to the appointment of a registrar of voters, the public will not take deep interest. The county clerk should be able to undertake this duty as, in fact, he does, and the added expense of the registrar does not seem to be warranted. Los Angeles county, at least, has no cause for complaint in this regard.

#### WHY THE PEOPLE ARE IN REVOLT

WHETHER President Taft is deceiving himself or is himself deceived when he emerges from conference with his campaign managers and tells newspaper reporters that all his associates are agreed as to the "reasonable probability" of his election we hesitate to say. Knowing the general reputation of the New York politicians for astuteness the conclusion is that they are too kind-hearted to undecieve the executive, so allow him to believe that he really has a chance. As that agrees with what his chairman at Chicago, Mr. Hilles, advises, the occupant of the White House hugs the delusion to his breast, evolves one of his fatuous smiles and passes to the golf links, as serenely happy as when he told the nation from Winona that he had had the privilege of signing the best tariff bill ever enacted.

That he really believes what his political advisors tell him is indicated in an interview in which he outlines his plans "in case he is elected to serve another four years." Mr. Taft makes it clear that he will not disturb the tariff. "I have always maintained," he is quoted as saying, "that the high cost of living is due to certain fundamental conditions that have no relation to the tariff." Again, in his apostrophe to prosperity which the good crops have assured—the result, of course, of the high protective tariff—he shudderingly observes, "But if there should be a disturbance of the tariff now—the shaking up that only the Democrats can give it, there will be another atrophy of business effort that will affect the whole country, closing down many mills, glutting the market with labor, reducing wages and bringing about a hesitation that will prevent us from taking full advantage of the commercial opportunities that will be offered by the opening of the Panama Canal."

Heaven send us that shaking-up which our stand-pat President so affects to dread. It is what the masses are praying for, that curtailing of the special privileges which the government through a vicious policy has extended to a few at the expense of the many. Mr. Taft says the high cost of living is not local to the United States; it is prevalent throughout the world. He find it less of a handicap here than in any other country because of the higher standard of wages. O, Mr. Taft! Was it because of the higher standard of wages that the poor wretches in the woollen mills revolted? In that industry enjoying the highest measure of protection official investigation disclosed the lowest wage standard in force—paid largely to pauper foreign labor. This is how, in practice, the protection-to-American-labor theory works.

High prices of necessities of living are due primarily to high tariffs which create monopolies. If Great Britain feels the pinch it is because our food-stuffs that she buys impel her to mark up her own products. It is a wheel within a wheel and always between the wheels writhe the consumers, the masses

with a fixed, inelastic income who must pay, pay, pay on a continually rising scale but with never a commensurately increasing income. Ground between the upper and nether millstones the clerks, the artisans, the laboring men of all descriptions bear the imposts, which the vicious high tariffs create. For every 100 per cent schedule the government gets 14 per cent; the other 86 per cent goes to the trusts and the consumers are the goats. In revolt, the people will give Gov. Wilson an opportunity to restore industrial freedom, to ease the burden they have so long borne.

#### WALLACE'S DISINGENUOUS EXCUSES

SQUIRMING under the storm of adverse criticism leveled in his direction because of his indefensible act in commuting the capital sentence of the wife murderer, Figueroa, Lieut.-Gov. A. J. Wallace has issued a statement in which he attempts to justify his position. A careful reading of this curiously inadequate plea for removal of censure causes one to marvel at the presumptuousness of an official who sets himself up above judge and jury and on the biased statements of political attorneys, engaged by the wife murderer to present his case, sweeps aside the verdict on the ground that the convicted man did not have an expert criminal lawyer to defend him. Judge Willis is quoted to this effect: "Had he let his associate counsel, Mr. Morrison, take the management of the case, it is possible that a verdict fixing the penalty at life imprisonment might have been secured."

Quite likely. And if he had been able to hire Gov. Johnson possibly that criminal lawyer might have succeeded in getting for the murderer as favorable a verdict as was obtained for his lucky client in the Fidelity bank affair of malodorous memory. Captain Fredericks' letter to Figueroa's attorney, in which the prosecuting attorney stated that his office never had any objection to clemency, has been fully explained by the district attorney. It is the duty of his office to prosecute criminals and having succeeded in getting a conviction that is the extent of its activities. If clemency is extended by the authorities the district attorney does not pretend to interfere, he has no personal interest in such matters. He has performed his official duty. To construe his letter into a quasi indorsement of the much criticised commutation is to admit the weakness of the acting executive's case. Later, in an interview, Captain Fredericks expressed his belief that the lieutenant-governor was not justified in passing on the evidence, since it was impossible for him to review that and know better than judge and jury whether or not justice was done.

Judge Willis, who presided at the trial, is quoted first as saying that he is opposed to capital punishment and would prefer to see life imprisonment substituted for the death penalty. Later, he writes admitting that the abrogation of the death penalty means the increase of crime and he asserts positively that the evidence against Figueroa was conclusive. Another of the seeming reasons swaying the acting executive was that the defendant's counsel omitted to prove that Figueroa's father-in-law had committed suicide and that the daughter had threatened at one time to do likewise. From this we are to assume that the wretched wife, beaten to the floor and writhing with pain, reached up and seizing the revolver wielded by her brute of a husband succeeded in pulling the trigger ahead of him, dying happy, knowing that he would be accused of the crime.

We thank the astute lieutenant-governor for advancing this theory which, of course, led him to preserve the precious life of the unfortunate Figueroa. We feel sure this is the case since he quotes Chief Justice Beatty to the same effect. Exactly how the justice was able to form this opinion and yet deny a rehearing is not explained nor shall we attempt to do so. Suffice it that Figueroa's sentence was commuted first, because his lawyer was not so smart as other criminal lawyers of record; second, that his wife's father committed suicide, ergo, the daughter in all probability did likewise; third, having failed to lead

his wife into an immoral life Figueroa was really not so blackhearted a scoundrel as he might have been. We will add a fourth reason, which might have been first, to the abeyance of all other others: *That the acting governor and the governor are pledged not to permit any judicial hangings in the state in their term of office or until the 5 per cent of voters petitioning for the abolition of capital punishment shall have a hearing before the other unexpressed 95 per cent.* As to this political pact with the Johnson newspapers the lieutenant-governor is silent. His is a wholly disingenuous attempt at justification.

#### PENSIONING THE MOTHERS

**T**HUS far all the discussion we have noted in regard to the pensioning of mothers bears upon the ones widowed by death, by desertion, by state removal of husbands to prisons, insane asylums or hospitals. Not a word do we find in favor of the involuntary mothers, for those who have loved "not wisely, but too well." Are they to be excluded from this proposed relief bill which our legislators-to-be are pledged to enact? Are these mothers to be penalized at the expense of the innocents who are denied, through no fault of their own, a father's care? We hope and trust not.

With the movement to have the state provide for dependent mothers, to the end that the children may be cared for at home, instead of being reared in an institution, we are in hearty sympathy; but we shall deplore any attempt to shut out from participating in this proposed benefaction that mother whose offspring has not been authorized, whose little life has not had pre-recognition of clergy. It is agony enough for such a mother to be reminded by day and by night, for weeks and months of the consequences of her luckless lapse; and for her loving sin she must go down to the gates of death, while to her partner, who, perhaps, has long since deserted her, what penalty attaches?

Every woman who pays the price in this way expiates in full her weak yielding and to all such the help that a state can give surely is her due. At least, it is the child's due. Every babe born into the world is entitled to a fair chance and we want to see no invidious exclusion made when the pension bill for mothers is up for discussion. The mother who has not had the moral support of a ceremony, who has borne her burden in sorrow and humiliation in place of the joy and pride that prospective motherhood should induce is entitled to all the aid that a paternalistic government will extend. The state, in fact, should stand *in loco parentis*, since an untoward fate has deprived the child of its natural male guardian.

#### GLANCE AT THE BALKAN WAR TO DATE

**D**ISPATCHES from the Balkan states, where the conflict is raging fiercely, indicate the bitterness of feeling between the opposing parties. The Christian allies are engaged in paying off a long-existing debt of hatred held against the Moslems whose ranks they attack with a ferocity remindful of feudal day savagery. If Christians are exterminated by the Turks with a vindictiveness unparalleled in modern warfare the Balkan armies are reported to be as strongly opposed to taking prisoners. It is a game of give-the-sword-and-take-no-quarter in intensity of purpose and thus far the resistless force of the allies has carried everything before it.

With Scutari in possession of the Montenegrins, Uskup capitulated to the Serbian besiegers, Kirk-Kilisseh lost to the Bulgarians, who are now advancing on Adrianople, and the Greeks in possession of Serfidje, with Salonica in sight, the Turks have had a succession of disasters since Montenegro shot out into the open and defied the warning of the powers. At sea, the Greek navy has accomplished a clever piece of naval strategy south of the Dardanelles where her big warships are in position to prevent the transport of Turkish troops across the Aegean from Asia Minor to be rushed to the support of their brethren defending Salonica.

Much depends on the attack on Adrianople. If that base of supplies falls to the Bulgarians the situation

will be a menacing one for the Turks, since its occupation will prove of immense advantage to the allies in conducting their winter campaign. That a desperate contest over this strategic point will ensue is inevitable and should the Bulgarian army wrest possession from its foe the road to Constantinople will be practically open to the victorious armies of the cross. That England, France, and Russia are viewing with great perturbation the progress of the war and the prospects of a partition of Turkey in Europe among the successful Balkan powers is not denied. Just how Austria-Hungary will profit by the division is the prize puzzle. It is believed she is secretly in the pact, and this is an agonizing thought to Russia. Ostensibly, the war is to put an end to the Turkish atrocities in Macedonia and elsewhere in Southeastern Europe. Undoubtedly, it is a race-and-religion war, which accounts for the intensity of feeling on both sides, but the desires of the allies for territorial aggrandizement is probably an equally strong incentive. It is comforting to each of the units to think that the cost of the war is likely to be offset by the partition spoils.

#### HENEY OUTDOES HILLES

**A**S BETWEEN Chairman Hilles of the Republican campaign committee and Francis J. Heney who hopes to succeed Senator Perkins, in case the third party is in control of the state legislature two years hence, it is a toss-up which is the greater claimant. With easy nonchalance Hilles can figure out Mr. Taft's re-election without even a wink of the eyelash, calmly checking off New Jersey, Indiana, New York, Missouri and all similar territory strong for Wilson, to the intense admiration of his principal who firmly believes that Hilles is uttering gospel truth.

However, Heney is apparently determined that he can draw as long a bow as the Republican optimist and returning from a tour of the eastern states he pours into the ears of agape reporters his wonderful forecast of election day returns. "It now seems certain," remarks Mr. Hilles' rival, "that 'we' will carry Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, West Virginia, Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Kansas, the two Dakotas, California, Oregon, and Washington." Even Missouri he would include. The Keystone state is to give the third party electors 100,000 plurality, while in Illinois nothing short of 200,000 will satisfy the modest Francis. We doff our hat to him. Hilles is a nine-spot by comparison when it comes to handing out election forecasts.

Incidentally, New York, claimed by Heney, is counted upon by the Wilson adherents to give 100,000 plurality for the governor. That New Jersey is as safe as Missouri for the Baltimore nominee is equally certain and Indiana is staunchly true to its governor and the ticket. In South Dakota the Taft Republicans will vote as a unit for Wilson and in Iowa the division of voting strength is such that Wilson is regarded as the logical victor in the three cornered contest. Illinois and Michigan Roosevelt may carry, but outside of these two states we fail to see where he will get an electoral vote. We await with impatience the next Hilles pronouncement. Under such stimulus as Heney furnishes he ought to make a much better showing for his candidate.

#### DISCOURAGERS OF GALLANTRY

**A**RGUING that the country is losing its gallantry toward women, that the tendency of the times is away from rather than in the direction of civility to the weaker sex an eastern contemporary, among other peccadillos, notes: "There was a time when in a crowded street car a man who sat and allowed a woman to stand, holding to the strap, was made so uncomfortable that he was glad to escape. Now every seat may be taken by men and the women stand. If a man has courtesy sufficient to give a woman his seat he has to watch mighty close to keep a man from sliding into it."

This, unfortunately, is true, but whose the fault? not wholly the man's. To illustrate: Recently, coming in from Redondo Beach a father and his young son occupied a double seat. The car filled up pre-

sently and a woman entering was forced to stand in the aisle. Instantly, the lad, without parental suggestion, vacated his seat which the woman plumped into without so much as a nod of the head in recognition of the courtesy. The father longed to rebuke such ungraciousness—it meant a long period of standing to a tired boy—but he restrained himself. A second son sat in the seat ahead, which he shared with a stranger. He also yielded his seat to a woman who slipped into it without acknowledgment.

Mark the further progress of this human comedy? After a fifteen-minute run the passenger by the window pressed by and out, having reached his destination. What did the young woman ahead do? Did she call sweetly to the youth who had given her his seat and who stood close by, holding to a strap? She did not. She sat on the edge of the seat and beckoned to her escort a few feet away, and held the fort until he came up. This is the sort of thing to which lads and men are being constantly subjected by thoughtless women who not only neglect to acknowledge polite attention, but ignore the decencies. It is a hundred to one shot that the lad who resigned his seat would not reassume it on request if by so doing it deprived the woman of her escort's company. But at least he should be given the opportunity, that much in his due and the woman who fails to observe such street car etiquette is building for her sex lasting reprisal. Repeatedly, women who have been obliged by men with seats, get up without indicating to those who have accommodated them their intention and another man, perhaps unaware of the situation, drops into place. If old-fashioned gallantry is passing in our men, which is to be deeply regretted, the reason for it is obvious, alas.

#### WHY BACHELORS SHOULD BE PENSIONED

**C**OWARDS! There was no decision expressed by the Men's Club of All Saints' Episcopal Church of Pasadena the other night on the question "Should Bachelors Be Taxed?" We are unable to say whether the majority was married or single, but we do find that after profound discussion, in which the benedicts argued in the affirmative and the bachelors in opposition nobody had the courage to suggest a vote. And so the question remained unanswered. Taxed! Are they not penalized enough? Of all pitiable creatures in the world the confirmed bachelor ranks in the superlative. He is gay enough at thirty, when he is the occasional envy of those benedicts who never get a day off, but at forty his pedestal appears not so attractive; at fifty his married friends refer to him commiseratingly and at sixty he is "Poor old Jones!" If he survives seventy, he is usually a lean and attenuated figure, a crabbed, crochety old chap, homeless, loveless, useless, a victim of self-remorse.

Bachelors are of amorphous growth. They never seem to be fully developed. They lack completeness. The deprivation of constant companionship with the sex that cheers, worries, coaxes, storms, loves, cherishes, comforts and scolds by turns leaves them only half finished, so to say, spiritually and physically. What they have missed would fill a book and what the benedict gains in the years of close comradeship with a normal, lovable woman is what constitutes the great difference between a well-rounded man and the heteroclit human.

We would tax the bachelor roundly from his twenty-fifth to his thirty-fifth birthdays, but mainly for his own welfare—in the effort to lead him to his personal salvation. From the thirty-sixth to the forty-sixth anniversary of his pattering existence we would advocate a gradual reduction of the impost until the tax was abolished. From that time on he becomes an object of charity. This is not to say that bachelors are without uses for that would be invidious. As objects of what to avoid we regard them as valuable appendages to the social order, but their influence is largely negative. They are signposts on the highway of life bearing the admonition "No thoroughfare! This is it, exactly; not main-traveled paths. Barriers up, an indefinable chevaux-de-frise encompassing them that repels rather than attracts. Tax bachelors? Rather pension them, we say.

# Lady Gregory's Fine Historical Tragedies---By Randolph Bartlett

(FOURTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON SYNGE, YEATS AND LADY GREGORY--SEVENTEENTH PAPER ON MODERN DRAMA.)

IN that new movement which has given Ireland a place in the front rank of modern literature, Lady Gregory is of paramount importance—not merely for her own writings, but for the encouragement, financial and otherwise, which she provided. Without her optimism the National Theater movement might have died a'bornin', for her faith was made manifest in cash. That she was more than a mere "angel," however, she has proved in several volumes as distinctive as any other products of the modern renaissance of the drama. Synge wrote what he saw, Yeats what he felt, Lady Gregory what she knew. Even before she had fully realized the possibilities of the drama, she had revived interest in the lore of the ancient Celts through her "Gods and Fighting Men" and similar works of compilation. She became thoroughly imbued with a desire to establish upon a solid foundation a national pride in Irish traditions, and once the opportunity arose, she realized immediately the tremendous impetus that the stage would give to this work. So she encouraged and aided the productions of Synge and Yeats, and then proceeded to add variety to the repertoire of the Abbey Theater with a series of historical dramas, and several one-act plays. Of all her works, the three tragedies, "Grania," "Kincora" and "Dervorgilla" are her best.

"Grania" has only three characters, and commenting upon this fact Lady Gregory says: "When I told Mr. Yeats I had but these three persons in the play, he said incredulously, 'They must have a great deal to talk about.' And so they have, for the talk of lovers is inexhaustible, being of themselves and one another." The brilliant thing about the play is that, with this triangle, a great variety of complications are brought about, deftly and naturally, and Mr. Yeats' suggestion of the danger of "talkiness" is unwarranted.

"Grania's" source is prehistoric, and for the first two acts follows strikingly the Deirdre legend. Grania, a beautiful young daughter of one of the Irish kings, comes to the court of the mighty but aged Finn, to become his bride. Just as she has finished telling Finn of a dream of love she once had, upon seeing a stranger in her father's courtyard, the man himself enters. He is Diarmuid, Finn's most trusted follower. While unaware of the incident of which Grania has told, there comes to him, with the first glimpse of Grania's beauty, a strange foreboding, and he gains the king's consent to depart the next day upon a dangerous campaign against the King of Foreign, who has invaded the domain. Before he can leave, however, Grania comes to tell him of her love, and to plead with him to help her to escape the marriage which she now dreads. Finn overhears her plea, and in an outburst of anger he drives them both away, his displeasure being visited upon Diarmuid as well as Grania. Diarmuid protests his fealty, but also accepts the position of protector which Grania has imposed upon him, and they depart, Diarmuid first declaring that he will send to Finn, with each full moon, an unbroken loaf as a sign that he will regard Grania, not as his wife, but as Finn's betrothed.

For seven years Grania and Diarmuid wander together, and each month Diarmuid is able to send back the loaf to Finn, who harries them from place to place. Then, one day, the King of Foreign comes upon Grania alone in the forest, and takes her in his arms. She calls for Diarmuid and he comes to her rescue. The assailant escapes, but after that day Diarmuid can no longer send his token to Finn. In the guise of a beggar Finn comes to them and says he is sent by Finn for the loaf. Diarmuid gives him an intimation of the truth. By subtle taunts Finn succeeds in sending Diarmuid in pursuit of the King of Foreign for vengeance, and while he is gone, brings his retainers to capture the pair. Finn endeavors to induce Grania to return with him, but she remains true to Diarmuid, who is soon brought in dying of a wound. As death approaches, it is not of Grania that Diarmuid speaks in his delirium, but of Finn, and he pours out his heart in repentance for the wrong he has done his king.

Then comes the surprising denouement. Grania, impressed with the belief that Diarmuid never has loved her, insists upon Finn making good his declaration that she shall be his queen, although he, depressed by the death of his friend, draws back. But Grania has her way. Her mental condition is thus explained:

GRANIA. Is it not a strange thing, you, that saw the scores and the hundreds stretched dead, that at the sight of one man only, you give in to the drowning of age. It is little I will give heed from this out to words or to coaxings, and I have no love to give to any man for ever. But Diarmuid that belittled me will not see me beating my hands beside his grave, showing off to the

cranes in the willows, and twisting a mournful cry. It is the thing I will give him to take notice of, a woman that cared nothing at all for his treachery.

FINN. Wait till the months of mourning are at an end, and till your big passion is cold, and do then what you may think fit, and settle out your life, as it is likely there will be another thought in your mind that time. But I am putting no reproach on you, for it is on myself the great blame should be, and from this out I have no more to say to love or friendship or anything but the hard business of the day.

GRANIA. I will not wait. I will give my thoughts no leave to repent. I will give no time to those two slaves to tell out the way I was scorned!

FINN. The men of the armies will laugh and mock at you, seeing you settle out a new wedding in the shadow of your comrade's wake.

GRANIA. There is many a woman lost her lord, and took another, and won great praise in the latter end, and great honor. And why should I be always a widow that went so long a maid? Give me now the crown, till I go out before them, as you offered it often enough. (She puts it on her head). I am going, I am going out now, to show myself before them all, and my hand linked in your own. It is well I brought my golden dress.

FINN. Wait till the darkness of the night, or the dusk of the evening itself.

GRANIA. No, no. Diarmuid might not see me at that time. He might be gone to some other place. He is surely here now, in this room where he parted from the body—he is lingering there by the hearth. Let him see now what I am doing, and that there is no fear on me, or no wavering of the mind. Open the door now for me!

It is not a problem play, in the sense of propounding a general question concerning the basis of human actions, but it presents interesting alternative interpretations to the reader. Did Diarmuid love Grania at the outset? Did the approach of death, clarifying all things, make him feel that he should have regarded his fealty to Finn above the claim of Grania? In the light of Diarmuid's constancy for seven years, was his delirium a sufficient motive to turn Grania back to Finn? The play reads logically enough for affirmative or negative answers to each of these questions, and it is in the individual consideration of them that much of the charm of the work is found. Gloster's wooing in the first act of "Richard III" presents an interesting parallel to the final scene, with the man, instead of the woman, the active force.

"Kincora" is the drama of the great Brian Boru and his wife Gormleith, and its indistinctive title is taken from the name of Brian's stronghold. Brian is pictured as holding the same visions of peace as Torgrim in Zangwill's play "The War God." He would conquer Ireland, making himself absolute, in order that there might be an end to the wars. He has married Gormleith, whose last husband was Malachi, the high king of Ireland, and who previously was the wife of the king of the Danes, by whom she had her only son, Sitric. The play opens with a gathering of the kings at Brian's stronghold at Kincora. Brian has subdued Malachi, his wife's brother Maelmora, and her son, and has prepared treaties in which they are to cede to him virtual mastery of the land, Malachi retaining the mere title of high king, but none of its prerogatives. It is apparent from the outset that Gormleith is a trouble-maker in the federation. At the last moment Sitric and Maelmora repudiate the agreement, which is a declaration of war.

Brian soon subdues the rebel kings, and they are brought to Kincora for Malachi to pass sentence upon them. The law and the custom call for a death penalty, but Gormleith pleads for leniency for her brother and son, giving her word that they will be loyal to Brian, her husband. Malachi refuses to listen, and she taunts him with the declaration that he is taking this means of avenging himself for their former marital difficulties. Finally Brian steps in, overrides Malachi, practically usurps the high kingship, and releases his wife's relatives.

In the last act Ireland is shown to have reached that peace which was Brian's dream, and all the arts are flourishing. So completely has the warlike spirit passed away that Brian is about to disband his great army. But Gormleith is restless. She sneers at her brother for his entire subjugation, and intimates to him and Sitric that she is weary of the changed world. Thus encouraged, Sitric reveals to her that he is plotting a Danish invasion, that the ships are even now on their way and wait only a word from her. Brought face to face with a realization of what this means, Gormleith tries to recall her words, but it is too late. Brian learns of the double treachery, and gloomily recalling a prophecy that it was only at Clontarf he would finally find peace, goes out to battle with the invaders at that place. The play ends

here, as it was not necessary to inform the Irish audience that Brian was slain at Clontarf.

"Kincora" is notable in that it is one of the few historical plays extant in which the facts are not sacrificed to the drama. Of course in this case there was no need to make any sacrifice, for the facts in themselves were dramatic, despite Lady Gregory's statement that she fears she followed history too closely. As a picture of Irish conditions at about the period of the Norman invasion, it is capital, but considered as a play it possesses great intrinsic worth. Especially interesting is the close view of Brian, the Haroun Al Raschid of Irish history, who figures extensively in the joke books, but who never before has received the literary respect due him.

Both "Kincora" and "Grania" must be classed as tragedies, although they are so romantic that they do not leave the profound impression created by the Synge tragedies, or by Lady Gregory's other historical drama, in the same volume, "Dervorgilla." This latter is in one act, and chronologically its period follows that of "Kincora" by about one hundred and fifty years. Dervorgilla was the wife of the king of Breffny, and was stolen away by Diarmuid Mac Murrrough, king of Leinster, who called upon Henry II of England for assistance when defeated in the war that followed. This was the first introduction of the English into Ireland, and while it was never quite certain whether or not Dervorgilla was a willing participant in MacMurrrough's actions, at least she was heartily cursed forever for having been the original cause of the invasion, the results of which have not ceased bearing fruits of dissension to this day. Lady Gregory's short play does not deal with the early part of Dervorgilla's life, however, but only with a little apocryphal incident when she has grown old, living in seclusion, her identity a secret from everyone but two faithful retainers, Flann and his wife Mona. The groundwork lies thus:

Dervorgilla has become a sort of Lady Bountiful to the young folk in the vicinity of Drogheda. It is a holiday and there are many sports and competitions for which the unhappy woman is giving prizes. Throughout all the merrymaking there is an undertone of hatred for the English, whose troops are still occupying the province. As the sports are over and the prizes awarded, a wandering song-maker appears, and puts into rough verse the general maledictions upon Dervorgilla. Flann would step in but the subject of his songs herself is anxious to know what is being said of her, and insists that he continue. After he has gone, however, she becomes oppressed at the thought of these songs being repeated throughout the land, and sends Flann after him to purchase his silence. Flann overtakes the minstrel at the English camp, where the soldiers are being entertained by his tricks, and Flann is killed for trying to lure the wanderer away. Word is brought to Dervorgilla, and Flann's wife, broken by the tragedy, babbles out her mistress' identity. One by one the youths and girls who have been recipients of Dervorgilla's bounty, come up and give back the presents she has bestowed upon them, and walk away in silence, leaving her absolutely alone in the world, with nothing to look forward to but a lonely life of recollections of her disgrace.

This short play has more power and less romance than either of its companion pieces, and that is somewhat strange too, for it is not so deeply rooted in fact. But Lady Gregory has broken away from that absolute fealty to the records, and has taken an incident which she can handle as suits herself, and as a consequence there is real tragedy, created by a master hand, and not merely a blind adherence to a record of historical tragedy. The essence of it all is found in Dervorgilla's speech, as her former friends display their revulsion of feeling when they learn that she is the accursed one:

DERVORGILLA. Since you were born and before you were born I have been here, kneeling and praying, kneeling and praying, fasting and asking forgiveness of God. I think my father God has forgiven me. They tell me my mother the Church has forgiven me. That old man had forgiven me, and he had suffered by the Gall. That old woman, even in her grief, she called out no word against me. You are young. You will surely forgive me, for you are young. (They are all silent. Then Owen comes over and lays down his cup at her feet, then turns and walks slowly away.) It is not your hand has done this, but the righteous hand of God that has moved your hand. (Other lads lay down their gifts.) I take this shame for the shame in the west I put on O'Rourke of Breffny, and the death I brought upon him by the hand of the Gall. (The youngest boy, who has hesitated, comes and lays down his hurl and silver ball, and goes away, his head drooping.) I take this reproach for the reproach in the east I brought upon Diarmuid, King of

Leinster, thrusting upon him wars and attacks and battles, till for his defence and to defend Leinster, he called in the strangers that have devoured Ireland. (The young men have all gone. Mamie comes as if to lay down her gift, but draws back. Dervorgilla turns to her.) Do not be afraid to give back my gifts, do not separate yourself from your companions for my sake. For there is little of my life but is spent, and there has come upon me this day all the pain of the world and its anguish, seeing and knowing that a deed once done has no undoing, and the lasting trouble my unfaithfulness has brought upon you and your children for ever. (Mamie lays down her necklace and goes away sadly.) There is kindness in your unkindness, not leaving me to go and face Michael and the scales of judgment wrapped in comfortable words, and the praises of the poor, and the juggling of psalms, but from the swift, unflinching terrible judgment of the young! (She sinks slowly to the ground holding to the chair. The stage begins to darken; the voice of the Songmaker is heard coming nearer, singing:)

The rat in the cupboard, the fire in the lap;  
The guest to be fattening, the children fretting;  
My curse upon all that brought in the Gall,  
Upon Diarmuid's call, and on Dervorgilla!

This is one of the few plays in which Lady Gregory has displayed the inspirational qualities that have made Synge and Yeats preeminent. Dervorgilla, as contrasted with most of her more important works, reads less like a page from history than a leaf from the great book of humanity.

("Irish Folk-History Plays," by Lady Gregory: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.)  
(Next Week—Lady Gregory's Historical Comedies, "The Canavans" and "The White Cockade.")

#### SALON WORK OF ULTRA MODERN PAINTERS

WITH the opening of the Autumn Salon 1770 paintings are found listed in its somewhat incomplete catalogue and five or six hundred other works of all sorts: nineteenth century portraits, a loan collection of 221 numbers; a retrospective collection of the works of Albert Braut, 94 numbers; a collection of book illustrations and decorations, 52 numbers; and a lot of statuary and sculpture, embroidery, art designs, decorations, etc.

But in the present article I can deal only with the paintings. This is an important subject, for there is an evident tendency towards a new school, far in advance of the impressions of Corot, Manet, Sisley, Pissaro and Puvis de Chavannes. I do not include Eugene Carriere, the impressionist of portraits, because there are no portraits exhibited in this salon which show any improvement or advance.

This ultra-modern school I made the subject of several articles last season. It was a question in my mind at that time whether this school would advance or recede, whether it would gain more adherents of talent or would merely become the refuge of the talentless, as every new school must, to an extent, inevitably become. For the external earmarks of any very original school are always easily caught and imitated. Originality is, after all, merely that to which we are not accustomed. We are, therefore, not well able to judge of it in its early stages, and the talentless artist has a chance to deceive us until our judgments are formed and we are able to distinguish them between the good and the bad.

This doubt has now vanished. The Autumn Salon leaves no question whatever as to the advance of this school, and of its advance in the right direction. But it would mean nothing to you for me to recite a lot of names of painters who exhibit impressive works, or to describe these works; for the more I read the remarks of various critics the more do I become convinced that criticism is purely an affair of personal like or dislike except when it is based on tradition,—and you all know how futile it is to try to give even the vaguest idea of a work of art by means of mere description, and this is still more so when the chief attraction is not shape or subject, but color.

If we look at the abstract history of painting we find that the first human attempt to represent objects on the flat consisted entirely of merely external shape, mostly mere profile. Out of this grew the representation of scenes, especially scenes of church history, since the painters of the great Italian period were largely supported by orders received from the church. These colorists were verists of the purist type. They painted what they saw as nearly as possible as they saw it. Their greatness consisted in imagination and construction, but it was soon found that, however excusable this sort of meticulous painting might be for portrait or figure, it was altogether bad for landscape. The "still-life" or anything suggestive of it gained the contempt of most real painters, and those who worked toward the representation of nature gradually took to suggesting merely the shapes of things, only striving to give the general aspect, and particularly the color. This is all the more reasonable since, as we all realize, shape is very

quickly suggested to the eye, and the brain easily imagines things. A cloud or a mark on a stone will suggest objects to us, generally animals or faces, but in such cases we take up the shape but neglect the color. In other words, the cloud may be white, grey, pink or purple, but it will none the less suggest some animal that has none of these colors. It is evident, therefore, that the suggestion of shape in painting may be very vague, but, if we would represent a certain mood of nature, the colors must be as exact as possible.

Strange to say, the early impressionists made their shapes vague, but covered them with a sort of mistiness. Carriere, the portraitist, even went so far as merely to make a strange, ghost-like face on his canvas, like a face peering at you through dense, brown smoke. Most of my readers will know all this, but it is none the less necessary for me to call attention to it, for only by comparison can I give any idea of what is going on here in the art world. The artists who show in the Autumn Salon, at least the great majority of them, abandon this atmospheric mistiness altogether. They paint the objects in their pictures as vaguely as possible, but they make the colors as hard, as terse, as unblended, as they are in real nature.

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Now, it is easy to see how this would lead to many absurdities. It is, if I may so express myself, a dangerous art. If a cow, a horse, or a human, is to be vague, it must be properly vague. Many are the mistakes made by these modern idealists, and loud the laughter of the "unsympathizing mob" that stands before these pictures. But I must hasten to add that there is less laughter than there was last year. There are fewer mistakes made by the painters on the one hand, and more intelligence shown by the public on the other.

Take, for instance, a subject like Adam and Eve. Here we have figures, generally standing (I wonder why Adam and Eve are mostly standing?), in a garden. The subject has been treated ever since,—well, ever since the days of Adam and Eve, no doubt, and been treated in many different ways. The silly, flabby, figures of some of the so-called "old masters" (?) are well known to us, and no less so are the carefully drawn, lifelike works of more recent artists, but the extraordinary blotches of the ultra-moderns are undoubtedly a new departure. And it is not surprising that they cause fiendish glee. The question is, why? The figures are vague, it is true, but so are many little figures in landscape work, even of the old school. Perhaps that is just the point; the figures are too prominent, the landscape too unimportant.

There are many paintings of just this sort in this Autumn Salon. But there are also a large number where figures are shown which are of some excellence. However, on the whole, I think it may be said that this modern style is little applicable to figure painting or portrait painting. At least, we must wait and see what the portraitists succeed in doing with it. On the whole, it is sure that the nudes in the two spring salons were attractive and that those in this salon are wholly unattractive. From which it may be surmised that if the figure is vague, or sketchy, or out of drawing, it is altogether bad, while landscape is capable of many changes. It may also be added that, judging by the paintings shown in this exhibition, the worse the painters draw the more they love the nude figure.

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But in the matter of landscape it is quite another matter. Here we have sunlit scenes that are as hard and as bright as real sunlight. The "vibrating sky" is often pleasantly absent. (I hear the artists who read this scream: "O, that writer doesn't know anything about painting!") The greens are green, the blues are blue, there are many exquisite purples, and, indeed, I think it may be said as a whole that these painters try to see the most exquisite colors in nature. And why not? If color is beautiful,—and it most certainly is!—why not love it frankly and put it in your paintings? What have any of nature's moods to do with it? Is not nature capable of infinite changes?

The reason that certain of these paintings strike us as being absurd is that the colors are strikingly wrong and also strikingly ugly. If the color is really beautiful it may be a little off, or even very much off, without seeming absurd. But the feature that must be particularly enlarged upon in any true account of this salon is the fact that softness and the blending of outline are giving place to hard lines, lines as we really know them to be in nature. It is a curious thing that it is just by this for the most part that we always recognize in an instant the work of an amateur. The beginner makes his lines and colors hard as nails, and the result is not only ludicrous but disgusting. How these painters, all splendid technicians, manage to render their work so genuine where it is so hard I do not pretend to say, but I am firmly convinced that this element is one which will last. It is so extremely attractive

to see a Venetian scene where the blues are blue, the sky smooth, as it is in Venice, and yet lacking that stupid idealization which Ziem affected, and which kills the character and force of all of his work.

Here we have paintings that are perfect masses of gorgeous color. They would be beautiful even if they represented nothing, just as a carpet is beautiful if the color scheme is correct. Here are exquisite evening scenes in which, however, you look in vain for detail you can catalogue; joyous morning scenes where the brightness of the clear sun is shed on banks of snow or green fields which you recognize not by their shape but by their color. Here are langorous sea-scapes where boats float on limpid water, where both sky and sea are as clear as they are at Mediterranean ports (or in California). There is atmosphere here but no mistiness, no haze. It is a clear, bright, sunlit day, or a day of rain, which is often still more clear, and the lines and colors seem sharp as in nature. Yet, when you examine the canvas closely, the boats are mere formless spots of color and the sea a variegated mass of irregular brush marks.

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But let me repeat that there are parts that are perfectly smooth. There are skies as smooth as blue wall-paper, and, strange to say, they not only seem to have what we are pleased to call atmosphere, but they have a depth that the vibrating sky never can have. There are purples that may or may not be far removed from the real tint of shadow but which, however this may be, are lovely. There are reds that are like those wonderful reds we get from the rose, there are greens which seem to call us out into the fields; and everywhere much painting but little drawing. I do not say that the drawing is bad. It is generally very good, what there is of it. It is delightfully vague and leaves much to the imagination, (which is nothing new), but it is not mistily vague but quite sharp.

To me it seems a wonderful technical feat. To paint an object so that from five yards away it looks like the most meticulous of drawing, and when you get close to it you see that it is nothing but a formless blob of paint, this is indeed a feat. And it solves a problem that the early impressionists did not solve. They made their objects vague, but they looked vague, whether gazed at near to or far off; but these modern make their objects vague yet give them the appearance of exquisite sharpness. And it is this that is going, I am sure, to make its mark on the coming generation of painters.

In a second article I will deal with certain uncertain paintings. FRANK PATTERSON.  
Paris, September 15, 1912.

#### "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IN MOVING PICTURES

ONCE again the movies triumph. This time it is in "Queen Elizabeth" for which Sarah Bernhardt has posed. One beauty of this play is that it was prepared from the moving picture standpoint and is not an adapted drama for the understanding of which the flow of the film must be constantly interrupted for explanatory notes. The whole thing is pantomimic and the pictures tell the story. Another beauty is the care which has been given to its preparation. It would seem that the company had been as carefully rehearsed as for legitimate drama. There is no mark of haste, careless makeup and makeshift properties. But the greatest thing is the cast. The four principals are members of the company that Sarah Bernhardt brought with her when last she was here—and it is good to have them perpetuated with her in this film. Max Udian is a sturdy actor and he is well cast as the Earl of Nottingham. But Tellengin as Essex is perfect. He has adapted himself to the picture technique as well as Bernhardt herself. He is unaffected by the camera and so subtly conscious of the audience that will see the picture that he seems as unconscious in the film as though he were playing to an audience direct.

The story naturally concerns itself with the relations between Elizabeth and Essex. The opening scene shows the water front with the people gathered for news of the Spanish armada. Elizabeth herself comes and is moved by the general anxiety. There is, of course, no puddle, but the incident of the cloak is too good to lose; and by poetic license Essex is permitted to usurp the place of Raleigh and gallantly to place his cape on the ground for her to walk over. This pleasant behavior attracts Elizabeth to the young man who further wins her favor because he seems the only one sure of the safety of the armada. Elizabeth in her joy permits him to pillow his head for a single moment upon her breast. Then her subjects, mad with joy, lift her to their shoulders and bear her away. In the second act a fortune teller is reading the hands of some soldiers. A lady of waiting sees them from the window and knowing Elizabeth's interest in such things brings the woman into her presence. Elizabeth is watching a presenta-

tion of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Falstaff has just been put into the clothes hamper. Essex, now a court favorite, brings up Master William Shakespeare and presents him to the queen. Behind, sits the young Countess of Nottingham frothing with jealousy. Into this assembly is brought the fortune teller. She pleases the queen who insists that she read Essex' palm. She reads and shudders. She would be spared telling what she knows, but the queen insists and learns that Essex will die upon the scaffold. It is then Elizabeth gives him the ring, promising that if he is ever in trouble to help him if he will send the ring to her. As a mark of especial favor she gives him a commission as lieutenant governor of Ireland.

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When about to depart he meets the Countess of Nottingham and it is evident that the two are in love. As they embrace the Earl of Nottingham sees them through the parted curtains and from that moment determines to bring about Essex' downfall. He seeks Sir Walter Raleigh who hates Essex and they finally find a way. Several months later a letter is written to the queen telling her that Essex has been unfaithful to his trust in Ireland and it is left for her to see. Even as she reads it news reaches her that Essex has returned unbidden from Ireland. She receives him graciously, but is interrupted by a message that takes her out of the room. Essex and the Countess of Nottingham take advantage of her absence and when she returns she finds the countess in his arms. Elizabeth in her jealous rage orders Essex to be arrested believing that the letter accusing him of treason is true. And then she stands at the window and watches the procession winding its way to the Tower. The hideous headsman preceding Essex fills her with horror, and she casts about in her mind how she may save him. If he would but send her the ring she could pardon him. The Countess of Nottingham, despatched to the Tower, manages to secure the ring from Essex. But she is waylaid on her return by her husband and forced to give it up. He throws it into the Thames, so that it may never reach Elizabeth. The queen waits anxiously for the return of the countess. Raleigh appears with the death sentence for her signature. She is at last forced to sign the paper. It is hurried to the Tower and Essex is beheaded. At night comes Elizabeth to take leave of his body. It is a weird scene. In the streaming moonlight the beautiful body lies with the fatal mark on his throat. The queen leans on it pathetically. She sees that the ring has gone and knows that treachery has been at work, and she forces the truth from the countess. Two years later the queen, enfeebled, meets the court for the last time. She sends for the sword of Essex and is reminded of her love and his fineness. She sends for Raleigh and Nottingham and with a final effort of will throws the responsibility of Essex' death upon them. And then her strength gone she falls forward dead.

New York, Oct. 28, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

#### GRAPHITES

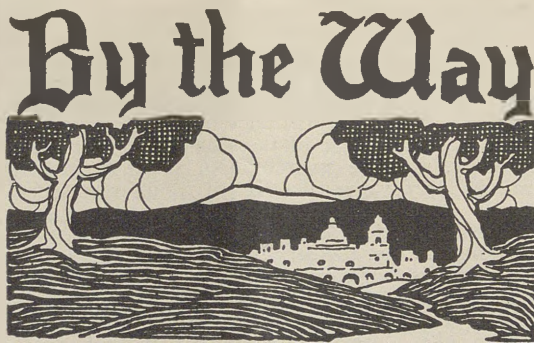
Our felicitations to Mrs. Grover Cleveland, one of the really fine women of the country. We rejoice in her prospective happiness and wish for her all the domestic felicity that mutual love may bestow. She adorned the White House, was a loyal wife, has been a model mother and at forty-eight is still possessed of much of the charm that made her so gracious a hostess in the two administrations of her distinguished husband. Our congratulations to Professor Preston of Wells College, the lucky man.

Nearly one million registered voters in California, lacking only 11,294. Of these probably 700,000 will vote for President November 5. Los Angeles county leads with 259,115. San Francisco is next with 134,688 and Alameda third with 92,835. Alpine county is last with 105 registered voters. How the women will vote is the problem which politicians cannot agree upon. Our guess is they will vote as they please.

Los Angeles police have in charge a wanderer from Seattle giving the name of George Alexander who is reported to have "lost his mind" and was wandering "aimlessly" about when taken in tow. He is not the only George Alexander in Los Angeles similarly affected; the main difference is that one is still "aimlessly" wandering in the vicinity of the city hall.

Gen. Feliz Diaz will be shot unless the supreme court of Mexico rules that the court-martial ordering the execution is illegal. Incidentally, there is no judicial recall in effect in Mexico, hence the report that the "vast majority of people," natives and foreign-born, are opposed to Diaz' execution may not influence a decision.

Long Beach has gone dry and all the miles of ocean front will fail to furnish the kind of quencher needed to appease certain forms of human thirst. Now what will the harried Virginia hotel do?



#### Charming Evening at the Bannings'

Historic as have been the many gatherings at the famous Banning House at Wilmington, built by the late Gen. Phineas Banning and in which Hancock, the present occupant, was born, I doubt if a more brilliant assemblage was ever seen in the fifty years of its notable associations than that attracted by the Saturday evening program of the Amateur Players (Mrs. John P. Jones, president), at which Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning were host and hostess. The idyllic grounds with the royal trees formed a perfect setting for the out of door performance of Rostand's "Romancers." The moon was at full, the air mild and the sylvan stage appointments on a natural platform, with real shrubbery serving as "wings," was a joy to the senses. The little amphitheater under the trees was all that could be desired, the play delightfully given and the orchestra, "The Amateur Players' own," rendered seductive music. Space forbids detailed mention of the interpreters of M. Rostand's charming comedy of which only the first act was given—a finished picture however. All the participants did well. The dancing that preceded and followed was in harmony with the surroundings. A further joy was the arrival of the old fashioned stage coach on the green fronting the mansion, the ribbons handled in superb style by Captain Banning dressed in Continental costume. From the coach stepped four couples similarly attired who danced a minuet in the moonlight. The café chantant, with Mr. W. E. Dunn as host, was another captivating surprise. Between courses there were songs and dances and mimetic monologues, all given with skill and genuine abandon. Mrs. R. D. Farquhar's chansons were particularly appealing. The Banning mansion is especially well adapted to such an affair and the hospitality of the host and hostess was lavish. To Mrs. John P. Jones, president of the Players, and the efficient stage director, Mr. Alfred Allen, my compliments for this unique evening.

#### Red Letter Night for Sunsetters

One of the really "big" evenings of the year was that of last Friday night's Sunset Club gathering when Judge Camp, the erudite general counsel of the Santa Fe railroad, discussed in a thoughtful and highly philosophic strain "Our Ideals." His paper, which revealed the scholarly attainments of the speaker, as well as his subtle flow of humor, was followed by the forty-odd members present with the utmost attention. Oscar Mueller, one of Los Angeles' notable members of the Bar Association, treated the same topic from a wholly different viewpoint, with a pessimistic tang pervading, but holding out hopes. The erratics of the bar and the courts was his theme which he handled in a masterly manner. Judge Shaw closed with a brief talk in a more optimistic vein. Sunsetter John Eugene Fishburn presided in his usual happy style. Sunsetter George H. Stewart, back from his sick bed from which it was feared he would never rise a well man, was warmly welcomed into the fold.

#### Three of a Kind

Frank Batturs, John Byrne, and T. C. Peck, all heads of the traffic departments of the three transcontinental railways entering Los Angeles, have been in attendance at the convention of railway traffic men's associations in San Francisco the latter part of this week. Mr. Batturs was representing the Southern Pacific. Mr. Byrne the Santa Fe and Mr. Peck the Salt Lake. It is said the railway men are overlooking nothing worth while in the exposition city.

#### Going to See the Big Game

Los Angeles will be pretty well depleted of college men at the end of next week when the annual intercollegiate contest of Rugby football between Stanford University and the University of California will take place on the Berkeley turf field, as practically all of the local graduates and former students of both institutions are planning to take advantage of the exceptionally low fares by steamer and railway to join the cheering sections for their alma maters. Many of the graduates of eastern colleges also will be there since the game promises to be a fine exhibition merely as a sporting proposition. The northern pilgrimage will begin next Thursday when the Harvard will

leave on its first excursion. Friday the Yale, Lark, Owl, and Angel will carry large crowds of former collegians as well as parents and friends of the players of both teams. The game is to the west what the Harvard-Yale annual struggle is to the east, and a 25,000-crowd is predicted. Already, more than 19,000 seats have been sold. Saturday night in San Francisco class reunions are to be held by graduates of both institutions, while the keys of the town will be turned over to the winning university. It is estimated that more than 1000 rooters will go north from Los Angeles and vicinity.

#### Honors to the Coast

Miss Beatrice Burnham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Burnham, and one of the favorites of the younger set, has been honored with the presidency of her class at Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass. Miss Burnham left here several weeks ago to take a post graduate course at Dana, where she is one of the most popular students. My felicitations to her father, the major, on this recognition of the Pacific Coast.

#### What the Report Will Show

Senator William Alden Smith and his associates, appointed to investigate conditions in Mexico, are to file their report with congress when it convenes the first Monday in December, and it is understood that the document will be a scathing denunciation of the lack of protection of Americans who have been developing Mexican resources for more than fifteen years. It is stated that it will be shown that since the outbreak of the Modern rebellion, there have been more than two hundred Americans murdered in Mexico, according to the evidence on file with the Smith committee. In addition, more than \$50,000,000 in property has been destroyed, belonging to citizens of the United States. It is also stated that the average Mexican has the greatest contempt for Americans, and treats citizens of other nations with far greater respect. Claims for damages inflicted since Diaz was driven from Mexico and filed by Americans are piling up in the City of Mexico at an alarming rate, with no attempt at adjustment. Los Angeles and Southern California are interested to the extent of about \$3,000,000, with slight prospects that the money will be paid in the present generation, even if the claims are allowed.

#### Chief of Staff Lacked the Price

General Leonard Wood, who was here last week, is in favor of giving us an army post in keeping with the city's importance, and so informed intimate friends who have known him since the Geronimo days at Fort Bowie, when Wood was a contract army surgeon and Adna R. Chaffee was a captain in the Sixth cavalry. Wood had not been in Los Angeles for twenty years, but he has always kept in touch with the city, and deeply regrets the fact that he was not able to take over the corner of Fourth and Spring streets when he was here in 1889, when he refused to pay \$4000 for a hundred feet on the site of the Angelus Hotel. "And a good reason I had, too," the general said in telling the story. "I lacked about \$3,666 of having the amount needed to close the deal." I regret that General Wood was not interviewed on the subject of the Balkan troubles. He should be better informed than any other military officer in the United States, having been at the scene of the present war less than a year ago.

#### Harold Moore as a "Comeback"

Harold Hart Moore, general manager of Brink's cafe, was once a railroad man, and believes in system as well as discipline and dignity in his work. While to his friends he is known by various appellations from "H. H." to "Hal," around the cafe to the employees he is simply Mr. Moore. One night this week, a sub waiter came into the general offices, and seeking to be facetious remarked "Good Evening Herald," thinking he was perpetrating a newspaper jest. His wit received a severe jolt, however, when without the batting of an eyelash, or even looking up from his work, Mr. Moore coolly replied, "Good Night, Extra," and the latter knew that his next move was to the cashier's office to get his "time."

#### Defying Old Superstitions

Superstition no longer lurks in the mind of the politician if one is to judge from a schedule that has been planned by several local Democratic candidates for election eve at which there will be thirteen speakers, twenty-three speaking places, and twenty-three miles of territory covered in automobiles. It is also an innovation in political methods. An automobile train is to make the circuit of the sixty-fifth assembly district and brief speeches will be made on the street corners at important points. The tour will begin at seven o'clock and meetings will be held at ten minute intervals. In the joint campaign tour will be Miss Mary Foy, candidate for presidential elector, the first woman to address curbstome meetings, former State Senator R. F. De Valle, also candidate for

presidential elector; judicial candidates Rives, Houser, Summerfield and Wellborn, Councilman Martin Betkouski, E. E. Goode, Democratic candidate for supervisor from the fifth district, Stephen Monteleone, candidate for state senator, and J. Scott Allen, candidate for the assembly from the sixty-fifth district.

#### Recognized the Impossible

Helas! The Tribune has a parlous experience with its managerial staff. I note that William McK. Barbour, the star advertising man whom the millionaire publisher imported from the Minneapolis Tribune to perform the impossible, has retired from the task and joined the forces of the Newitt advertising company of which he becomes vice president. Mr. Barbour was recognized as one of the leading ad men of the country, having placed many weak journalistic cripples on their feet, but it seems that the Tribune proved too much for him. Mr. Barbour is to give his attention especially to the handling of national advertising.

#### Betskouski Wants It

Although it is a trifle in advance to begin to predict, I have it on good authority that Martin Betskouski, at present a member of the city council, is already planning to be the next mayor of Los Angeles. "Uncle George's" term expires next winter, and he has indicated that he will not run again as the people are too unappreciative of his services. I understand that Betskouski will announce his intention early next spring and will then begin his campaign to secure the nomination. He will have warm opposition.

#### Preparing For the Inevitable

That the principal state administration leaders no longer claim even in public the probability of the success of the progressive national ticket became evident in several ways this week. It was remarked by those who attended the Hooker-Roosevelt garden party that Lt.-Gov. Wallace, who delivered one of the addresses on that occasion, took pains to prepare his hearers for Tuesday's events when he announced that even if Roosevelt and Johnson are unsuccessful at this time, the latter is certain to loom up in the national campaign four years hence. While the lieutenant governor did not actually predict the election of the Democratic national ticket, those who heard him were convinced that he realizes that Roosevelt and Johnson have no chance. Odds were hammered down this week from 2 to 1 to even money on Roosevelt in California. There are plenty of funds and no takers that Roosevelt's plurality would not be 20,000 in the state.

#### Where the Nuts Come From

There will arrive in this city at an early day a party of Brazilians comprising several of the most noted men in the South American republic and their wives. Col. D. C. Collier of San Diego will chaperon the visitors, the object of whose trip to Southern California is to inspect the site of the San Diego exposition. Included in the party, according to letters from Col. Collier, will be Dr. Eugenio Dahnio, commissioner to the United States from the department of agriculture, commerce and industry; Dr. Arguelo, government lecturer; Count C. M. de Almeida, a well known journalist of Rio Janeiro, and others. The party will be in Los Angeles about two days.

#### Leper Settlement Suggested

San Clemente is not to be used as a site for prison purposes if Washington approves the plan to establish a leper settlement there, under the auspices of the United States Marine Hospital service. Clemente has been used as a sheep pasture for years, a Los Angeles company having leased it for that purpose. With the exception of a few ranch houses the island is barren. It contains plenty of water, is not easy of access from the mainland, and is larger than Catalina. At one time it was intended to use the rock for a federal prison, but there is no leper hospital in the United States, and recently the need of such an institution has received attention from the Washington authorities. It is doubtful if the new plan will altogether please Gifford Pinchot and other well known anglers who make annual visits to Southern California for the express purpose of enjoying the excellent San Clemente fishing.

#### Result of Crude Legislation

There is to be an attempt made in the next legislature to repeal the act providing for the treatment of alcoholic and similar patients in the several state insane asylums. This questionable act of legislation was enacted at the last session, on the theory that it would effect great good. While the idea appears to be commendable, the result has been to crowd the institutions with scores of persons who have occupied the room originally intended for the insane. The state has neglected to provide additional accom-

modations for those whose maladies are of a more serious character, and as a consequence, in Patton, for instance, conditions are deplorable. In addition, it has developed that the inebriates and drug fiends worry the insane who are housed with them, taking delight in teasing their victims to the unbearable point. It is believed that the new legislation will provide ways and means for an institution to be devoted altogether to alcoholic and drug patients.

#### To Put the Lid on

Los Angeles stock exchange has enlisted in the campaign against fraudulent security promotions and indications are that in January the legislature will be asked to pass a protective measure. Senator L. C. Gates is busy with those interested in the proposed reform, and it is likely that an act similar to the one in effect in England will be used, with necessary modifications. It is a safe assumption that there is an annual loss of savings of \$10,000,000 because of the absence of protection to investors, and it is not an exaggeration to say that Los Angeles alone has been mulcted of \$20,000,000 by dishonest practices since 1900.

#### Better Not Bite Off Too Much

Whether or not to tax the principal hotels and other resorts where free lunch is an attraction an extra \$25 a month, continues a problem at the city hall, with indications that the idea will have to be abandoned. It appears that such an amendment would result in certain of the regular saloons, which now pay a much larger restaurant tax, arranging to carry on their business with only a \$25 a month tax. The question has been passed up to the city attorney. The mayor and members of the police board appear to be with the anti-lunch-tax faction.

#### Latest in Sociology

Los Angeles is to have a municipal dance hall, if Mrs. E. K. Foster and other well known club women can realize their plans. Mrs. Foster, who is a member of the picture theater board of censorship, says that such an attraction will do away with much of the temptation that faces the youth of both sexes. San Francisco also is agitating such a movement and Sacramento is to try the experiment this winter, although that city will not build a hall for the purpose.

#### New City Charter in Abeyance

Los Angeles is to vote on her new city charter December 3, and it is predicted that the instrument will not gain the necessary majority. To this time there has been no organized effort to defeat the act, but after the general election is over there will be measures taken to point out to the electorate the "peculiarities" of the instrument.

#### Mexican Concessions Not Menaced

From the City of Mexico a well informed American writes that the report of a cancellation of American concessions at an early date, as published this week, is entirely without foundation. "Such a story is ridiculous," the writer says, adding, "Madero could not do such a thing if he wished, and he does not wish. He realizes thoroughly that he must have the friendship of the United States if his country is to prosper, and he and his advisers will go to any length to maintain the status quo. You in Los Angeles who may have material interests here need not be afraid of any drastic action along that line. What Americans have to fear is the false stories sent out by news correspondents who either are instructed from home to stretch the truth or do so because they are convinced that it pays."

#### Globetrotters Home Again

General M. H. Sherman and party have returned after an absence of about four months on a trip around the world, which included a tour of Siberia. Usually, such a voyage means a route through the Suez canal, but the Sherman globe trotters declare that of all the countries visited, Russia held the greatest charm. The party reached San Francisco last Monday.

#### Had Enough of It

William F. Humphreys, who has announced that he will not be an applicant for reappointment to the board of public works, was given his place by Mayor Harper, hence, perhaps, could not serve again even were he so inclined. Commissioner Humphreys is a Democrat, who was the assistant of John R. Mathews when the latter was postmaster in the second Cleveland administration. It need surprise no one if Mr. Humphreys were to succeed Postmaster W. H. Harrison, following Woodrow Wilson's election. Harrison and Humphreys have been friends for years, and the incumbent long ago decided that he would not be a candidate for reappointment, no matter who might succeed President Taft. The postmastership here pays \$6000 a year, as against \$3,600, the salary

of a member of the board of public works. It is understood that Commissioner Hubbard may decide to retire early in the new year, although his term has still another twelve months to run.

#### Play Ball for Sweet Charity

Mrs. J. F. Sartori, vice-president of the Assistance League, has been named chairman of the boards of patronesses for the baseball game which is to be a society feature Nov. 9. Mr. Hogan's nine will receive the support of Mrs. Frank Hicks, Mrs. Frank Griffith, Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mrs. W. E. Dunn, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. F. A. Walton, Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt, Mrs. Charles Monroe, Mrs. W. A. Barker, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. E. T. Stimson, Mrs. W. S. Hook, Jr., Mrs. W. S. James, Mrs. W. T. Bishop, and the chairman, Mrs. Granville McGowan. Mrs. Michael J. Connell will direct the patronesses who will cheer the Frank Chance team, and her assistants are Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Mrs. J. C. Blake, Mrs. J. J. Byrne, Mrs. Roland Bishop, Mrs. H. B. Ainsworth, Mrs. Hancock Banning, Mrs. L. N. Brunswig, Mrs. Dean Mason, Mrs. Mary Longstreet, Mrs. Burton E. Green, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Scott Helm, Mrs. H. W. O'Melveny, Mrs. W. L. Wills, Mrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, Mrs. James M. Cockins, and Mrs. T. E. Gibbon.

#### May Be Hot Air

Things are said to be stirring among the light and power companies of the city, with indications that these properties may be taken over by the city at an early day. Such an investment would involve an expenditure approximately of \$50,000,000. It is rumored that serious negotiations are pending, but considering the immense sum this does not appear probable. Whatever steps are taken will first have to be approved by the electorate of the city. In view of the exceptional strength recently displayed by certain of the lighting securities in this market, there may be a basis to the story.

#### From Way Down East

Governor Plaisted of Maine is to be a winter visitor in Los Angeles, and has said in letters that he is more than half inclined to become a permanent resident. The governor, who is a Democrat, is the owner of land in the shoestring strip, which he acquired a few years ago and which has increased immensely in value since his purchase.

#### Of Interest to Club Men

In the event that Shirley C. Ward makes good his promise to build at Olive street, near Seventh, a twelve story home for the Knickerbocker Club, that organization will have made more material progress in a given period than any similar social body. In the three years of its existence it has gained a membership of more than 500 persons, in which the younger element predominates. I hear that the Jonathan Club, which recently renewed its Pacific Electric lease, is about to expend \$50,000 on interior improvements. The annex is to be entirely remodeled and made easier of access and other desirable changes are to be introduced. The new plans are to be ready next year, it is stated.

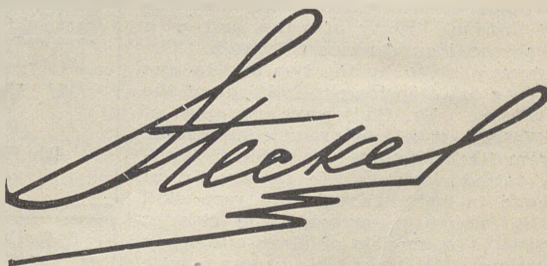
#### Straws That Point

There was a canvass among the several justices of the state supreme court at the recent session of that tribunal in this city, and from chief justice down I hear that every member announced he would cast his vote for the Democratic national ticket—and yet there has not been a Democrat on the supreme bench since Jackson Temple of Sonoma died in harness in 1903.

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# Music

By W. Francis Gates

It was pleasing to more persons than the occupants of the box office to see the large audience that greeted the opening performance of the new Lambardi Company Monday night at the auditorium. The favorite "La Boheme" was sung with a cast of pleasing voices and with a staging that was new and unhackneyed. Mme. Matini as Mimi, proved the star of the occasion, though Mr. Armanini ably seconded her and was delightful in his histrionic work. His voice was neatly handled though not large. Mme. Matini offered one of the best Mimis that have been seen here. The Musetta of Rita D'Oria was considerably below the vocal level of the other singers mentioned. First honors of the performance must go to the orchestra and the conductor, Gaetano Bavagnoli. The band numbers forty-five men and the leader had his men well in hand for a first performance. The ninth engagement of a Lambardi Company in Los Angeles seems to promise unusual success.

One does not expect a grand opera season to go along so smoothly as first announced—least of all, perhaps, does the management. So it was no surprise to see notice of the change of bill Tuesday night, from "Conchita" to "La Boheme." Wednesday evening came "Lucia," the antique and at one time highly respected. Mme. Pereira, in the title role, made a successful local debut and proved to have a fresh young voice, with more body to it than generally is the case with Donizetti heroines. Her voice is especially well handled in the middle register and has a good deal of the dramatic quality and more warmth of tone than most of the coloratura singers. Giovacchini, as Sir Henry, displayed a rotund baritone beside which the tenor of Giorgi reflected only bad vocal condition. A matter of congratulation to the eyes of the audience is that there is new scenery for most of the settings, which gives a touch of newness even to the hackneyed operas of the "Lucia" class. The program books, also, are a great improvement over their predecessors. One does not take the first repertoire announcement of an opera company as official, nor yet the second. But when the third comes, one feels that the end may be in sight and it is fairly safe to plan dates of oper. attendance.

On the occasion of the rare appearances of Clarence Eddy in Los Angeles in concert, there is given a solid treat to the comparatively few who enjoy the highest class of organ music. But this is a condition in which Los Angeles is not alone. Mr. and Mrs. Eddy have not appeared together in Los Angeles since their marriage. She will be remembered as a contralto of unusual beauty of voice and with a personal appearance to match. The program given by the two artists was a long one, too long to hold all of the audience. Mr. Eddy gave examples of different schools of organ composition, from Bach down to the modern, highly-spiced variety. He is equally at home in both, though the rare skill with which he presents the classics made them models of clean-cut organ playing. He opened his program with his fugue on "Old Hundred" which is along classic lines and is most effective. Mrs. Eddy was heard in a number of songs, showing her ability in various styles. Not all the songs were equally interesting and at least

two of them could have been omitted without loss. She has a delightful voice and a handsome stage presence and divided the honors with her widely-known husband. Clarence Eddy occupies the place among American organists that Alexandre Guilmant did among the French and it is surprising that more musicians and especially organists did not take advantage of the opportunity to hear his remarkable playing. A second program was given Saturday afternoon.

Monday night, Nov. 4, the second week of the Lambardi Company, will open at the Auditorium, the bill being "Madame Butterfly," with Mme. Matini, Agostini, Nicoletti and Charlebois in the cast. "Madame Butterfly" will be repeated Friday night. Tuesday evening the last performance of "Conchita" will be given with Tarquini, Armanini, Izolf, Charlebois and Pineschi. Wednesday matinee will be presented at popular prices the double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Wednesday night and Saturday matinee "Carmen" will be offered, with Tarquini, Doria, Giorgi and Giovacchini. Thursday night will be the only time of "La Traviata," with Perierira and Giorgi, or Agostini and Giardini. Saturday evening Rigoletto will be given with an all star cast. The opera "Salome," with Mme. Tarquini in the title role, is promised for the third week.

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Wednesday Eve. and Saturday Mat.	Carmen	Thursday Night	La Traviata
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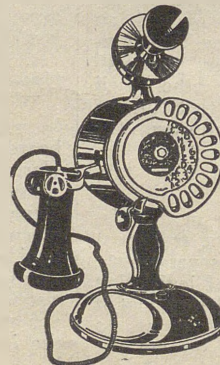
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didates on the ballot at  
**Tuesday's Election**  
Put an **X** after it  
and re-elect him to his bench  
in the **Superior Court**



# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

To-day marks the close of the first exhibition of post-impressionistic paintings ever seen in Los Angeles and Miss Marguerite Thompson, futurist, can probably appreciate the meaning of the word "pioneering." I regret that I was unable to devote more time to these canvases, not alone to study their unique psychology and advanced technique, as also for the purpose of counting the public's pulse upon this new school. The question at once arises, "Do you really like post-impressionistic pictures?" I have met those who think they do and others who think they do not. Now may I make bold to put a plain question? Why do you like them, and why do you not like them? Unless you can answer this, you are in no position to judge them from any standpoint whatever unless it be that of "just because." I am not like many who argue that a certain individual alone is competent to pass upon the merits and demerits of a work of art. He may be versed in technique and know all the reasons how and why, and yet his sense of feeling may be as blunt as a bodkin. After all, the public must judge a work of art and right or wrong that judgment must stand. Collectively we feel, individually we reason and split hairs. The majority is always wrong, argues Ibsen. If this be so, here then is a pretty kettle of fish.

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Mr. Charles Sumner Young kept open house at the "Villa Charles Sumner" near Hermosa Beach Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of last week at which time an exhibition of the recent work of Mr. Warren E. Rollins was on view. This historic house, once the home of the late Col. Blanton Duncan, civil and military officer under Jefferson Davis, is of interest at any time, not alone for its past associations, but also for the unique and unusual character that its owner has stamped upon it. On this particular occasion, the large, double living room had been converted into a veritable art gallery and on the burlapped walls were hung about twenty-five of Mr. Rollins' most representative canvases.

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Many of these splendid studies were favorably mentioned in these columns a few weeks ago when I conducted a little journey to the San Gabriel studio of this well known Indian and desert painter. At this time I will briefly mention the new canvases shown: "Hopi Girl" is a strongly modeled head study of a young pueblo maiden. The hair, dressed "a la squash blossom," is well painted. "The Twilight Trail" is one of Mr. Rollins' most successful canvases and withal one of the most poetic studies this artist has yet given us. Two Indians, mounted on ponies, stand at the opening of a trail which leads away across the limitless desert. In the background are seen low hills and decorative trees over which the opal mist of canyon twilight slowly wreathes and floats, weaving a veil about the solitary figures in the foreground. The quality of early moonrise and the cool hush of evening is finely felt. "Desert Afterglow" is an unusual subject treated in a highly successful manner as is also "Sierra Madre Mountains from San Gabriel." "The Weaver" and "The Historian" are colorful figure studies well composed and full of character. "The Desert," "The Sea," "Entrance San Gabriel Mission," and "Moonlight," deserve special mention.

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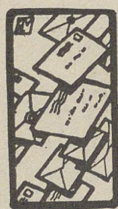
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## Social & Personal



Los Angeles lost one of her most charming society girls Wednesday evening, when Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, became the bride of Mr. Robert Frank Gross, lieutenant U. S. N. The ceremony was read at the Hicks home on West Adams street, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Glass. Pink and white chrysanthemums and pink roses transformed the house into a floral bower, and the fact that the groom and his brother officers were in dress uniforms added to the brilliance of the scene. The bride, who entered on the arm of her father, wore a robe of white satin trimmed with delicate lace, and her tulle veil fell to the edge of her long court train. She carried a bouquet of lavender orchids and lilies of the valley, and her veil was caught with sprays of orange blossoms. Miss Sally McFarland, the maid of honor, was in a gown of deep rose color, and the Misses Margaret Gaffey and Katherine Stearns, the bridesmaids, were in a paler shade of chiffon embroidered in brilliants and pearls. The attendants wore pink aigrettes in their hair and carried golden baskets filled with Killarney roses. Little Alice Hicks, who attended her sister as flower girl, was in white chiffon over pink and carried a long handled basket filled with rosebuds. Lieutenant H. L. Keller acted as best man, and the ushers were Lieutenant Thomas Symington, Ensign H. T. Smith, Mr. Ralph Phelps of San Francisco and Mr. Ygnacio Mott. After the ceremony supper was served, the table decorations carrying out the pink and white color scheme. Mr. and Mrs. Gross are to make their home in Bremerton, Washington, where Lieutenant Gross is stationed on the U. S. S. St. Louis.

Another bride of the week was Miss Marie Bobrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Bobrick of 923 S. Burlington Ave, who became the bride of Mr. Alfred Wright Wednesday evening. Mr. Wright is the son of Mrs. C. C. Wright and of the late Judge Wright. The Rev. Father Conaty performed the ceremony at the Bobrick home, at a floral altar of chrysanthemums and ferns erected in the drawing room, which was canopied with asparagus ferns. The bridal party passed from the stairway, through the reception hall and to the altar down an aisle outlined with white satin ribbons held in place by the ushers. The bride wore a gown of white satin, trimmed with Duchesse lace and made en traine, and her veil was caught with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. All of the appointments of the wedding were in yellow, and the attendants' gowns were in various tones of that shade. Miss Katherine Banning, the maid of honor, wore a deep gold, and the bridesmaids, Miss Aileen McCarthy, Miss Virginia Nourse and Miss Sarah Clark, wore paler shades, and carried long-stemmed chrysanthemums. Mr. Mowatt Mitchell

assisted as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Arthur Bobrick, Weston Wilson, Jack Howard and Jack Bucklin. Yellow chrysanthemums were used in the table decorations for the supper which followed the ceremony, and the boxes of wedding cake were tied with streamers of yellow satin. Mr. and Mrs. Wright are enjoying a wedding trip, and at its conclusion will live in their new home at 433 Harvard boulevard.

Miss Clarisse Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otheman Stevens of West Twentieth street, joined the ranks of young matrons Tuesday night, when at St. John's Episcopal Church she became the bride of Mr. Eltinge Thornton Brown, son of Mrs. Eleanor Brown. The church was beautifully decorated with white chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns, combined with bows and streamers of white tulle. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore white charmeuse satin, and from her shoulders fell a court train. Her tulle veil was fastened with sprays of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids. Mr. Brown's sister, Mrs. Sydney I. Wailes, acted as matron of honor, and wore pink satin, trimmed with crystal and pearl beading, and carried a floral staff of pink carnations. Her little daughter, Eleanor Thornton Wailes, in a pretty frock of pink and white, carried a basket of rose petals. The bridesmaids, Miss Anita Thomas, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Virginia Nourse and Miss Barbara Burkhalter, were in white charmeuse draped with panniers of pink brocaded satin touched with shadow lace and pink rosebuds. Small drooping hats of chiffon and rosebuds, and arm bouquets of Maryland roses and ferns finished the costumes. Mr. Thomas B. Brown assisted as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Sydney I. Wailes, Jack Howard, Gardner Towne, Alvin H. Brown and Standish Mitchell. After the ceremony the bridal party and intimate friends enjoyed supper at the Stevens home, where roses and ferns carried out a scheme of pink and white. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are enjoying a wedding trip of several weeks, at the conclusion of which they will occupy their own home on Seventh avenue, whwch has just been completed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Woolwine have returned from a summer abroad, and are now at the Hotel Darby, having sold their home on North Broadway. Their daughter, Miss Martha Woolwine, who accompanied them, is in the National Cathedral school in Washington, and Mrs. Rosalie W. Millar, their niece, who also was one of their party, is still in the east, but will join them shortly. The party arrived in New York Oct. 10, and after visiting there with Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morgan, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Culp of Washington, D. C.

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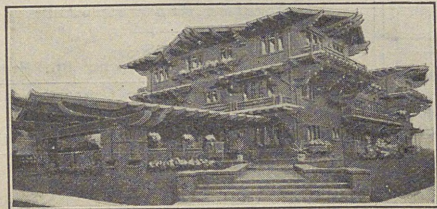
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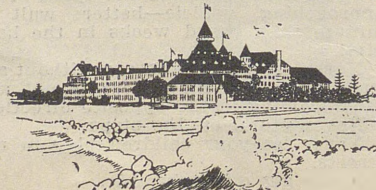
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# THE GRAPHIC



MISS ELIZABETH BISHOP

ing. The "Players" will give many more plays,— "long may they play," but I believe they will never have a more delightful evening than when they were so hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning. To the host and hostess and to the president of the society, Mrs. John P. Jones, a big vote of thanks is due.

Weddings, however, are still the theme for every tongue. Clarisse Stevens and Eltinge Brown, who were married at St. John's Tuesday evening, by Bishop Johnson, have many, many friends, and the church was filled to overflowing. The Stevens and the Browns have lived so long in Los Angeles, that both families are identified with the social life of the Angel City. Clarisse is a native daughter of the Golden West, and passed her girlhood here, was graduated at the Los Angeles high school, and after a year's trip around the world, she made her bow to society last winter, and has made as many friends as her charming mother. It was a beautiful wedding. Old friends, who have known them both "for ever and a day," were there to bid them God speed, and new friends, too, to wish them happiness and prosperity, and there were special invitations for the children who love Clarisse dearly.

Elizabeth Hicks, whose wedding with Lieut. Robert Frank Gross, U. S. N., took place Wednesday evening, is also a native daughter of the Angel City. Lieut. Gross arrived in Los Angeles Monday, with H. R. Kellar, U. S. N., his best man, from Washington, where they are both stationed. Tuesday, Elizabeth gave a delightful breakfast at the California Club in honor of her attendants, and the marriage, which was at home, was as brilliant as only a military affair can be. You know, Los Angeles is noted for her beautiful daughters, and the bridesmaids of the Hicks-Gross wedding are among the fairest of them all. There were many out-of-town guests. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Dwight came from Washington, to be present at the ceremony. (Mrs. Dwight is Elizabeth's aunt.) It was at the home of the Dwights, where Elizabeth made her formal debut, and where she also first met Mr. Gross. Mr. Hicks' sisters, Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Kellogg, came down from San Francisco, and there were many guests from Los Angeles, as well. We will miss Miss Elizabeth



MISS BARBARA STEPHENS

[Photo by Hemenway]

very much, as everybody loves her who knows her, and we all hope that it will be possible for her to pass at least a part of the time in her home city.

Marie Bobrick and Alfred Wright, who were married the same evening, also had a home wedding, and a most beautiful one, too. Katherine Banning was maid of honor for Marie, as well as a bridesmaid for Clarisse Stevens the night before, and Virginia Nourse was also in both bridal parties. Mother says the girls of to-day are not superstitious. When she was a girl the old Scotch saying, "Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride," was a household maxim, and if not exactly believed was yet quoted on occasions. I guess it is out of fashion to believe things like that now, but bridesmaids at two weddings in two days—just think of that. Marie had a rehearsal and informal supper at the house Sunday evening, and a formal dinner for the wedding party Monday. She gave the girls crescent pins of sapphire and pearls while Alfred presented the boys with stick pins of similar design.

They say you are having it very cold in the East, and the frost usually sends people hurrying southward. The Holterhoffs are due this week, also the Rodmans and Mrs. Wiley Wells. The Richard Bishops, who were in California all last winter, have decided to make Los Angeles their home, and have taken a house on West Adams street. Mrs. Bishop and Elizabeth have been visiting their old home in Ohio, where they have been much feted. Mr. Bishop and Bell met them at the Grand Canyon, and the party arrived here Tuesday. Miss Anne Bishop of Cincinnati came with them and she will be their house guest for the winter. These young people are very popular in the younger set, and will receive a warm welcome.

Cold weather has no terrors for some of us, and the prospect of ice and snow is very alluring,—for a little while—to say nothing of the attraction of the musical and theatrical season in the East, and the Christmas shopping. The Miners, Mrs. Garland and Mrs. Rogers have already gone. Mrs. Hancock Banning is planning an eastern trip, as also are Col. and Mrs. Stearns and Katherine, who have only been waiting until after the weddings (Juliet Borden's and Elizabeth Hicks'), as Katherine was bridesmaid for both of them. There are to be several other weddings this month, Marjorie Utley and Erwin Widney, Nov. 12, and Fannie Carpenter and Hugh Walker, Jr., but I believe that date is not announced yet. The Assistance League has a benefit ball game Nov. 9, and if you are not interested, you admit that at least you are "out of it," for all the boxes are sold. Mrs. MacGowan, who has charge of the sale of seats, is not satisfied with the ordinary methods, but sells them by the fifties or more. So we will all be there, and have a good time, see everybody else, and be seen.


But I must stop now. With much love to the family, I am as always,  
ELIZABETH.




MISS ELIZABETH WOOD

My Dear Marie: There have been so many weddings, and the consequent pre-nuptial entertainments, that I have not had time to think of much else, but I must tell you about one of the most charming affairs ever given in Los Angeles, when, last Saturday evening, the Hancock Bannings entertained the "Amateur Players," at their beautiful home near Wilmington. All day Saturday, the weather man was trying to make the sun "shine up," and everyone was saying, "O, I do hope it won't rain," for it felt too much like it, to joke about it. At last, toward evening, the sun came out and when we started for the run down in the car, the moon was full and as perfect as could be. The entire evening was like a visit in fairyland, the grounds with the great trees, the lights, the music (which, by the way, was made by the Amateur Players' own orchestra), and the lovely little amphitheater under the trees, where the first part of the program was given. The play was Rostand's "Romancers." Barbara Stephens had the principal part, and as Sylvette, why, my dear, she was simply delightful. (She is so pretty, anyway.) George Zimmer was a capable Percinet and Carrol Stilson and Wayland Smith excellent "fathers," and the brigades were as fierce as "really, truly ones." Marguerite Drake most assuredly can dance and she was an exquisite wood nymph. Then came the gypsy queen and her band, and their dance was graceful, picturesque and charming; the gypsies looked more romantic than gypsies ever are (out of a picture), and Elizabeth Wood, as the queen, was certainly regal.

Everyone was on the qui vive, all evening, for there had been whispers of a "surprise" to come, but unlike most things of that kind, the secret had been so well kept, that no one had an inkling of what it would be. The second part of the program, "the Cafe Chantant," was to be in the big ballroom, and after the intermission, while we were all standing around in the moonlight, talking of the play and the players, and how beautifully everything went off, and how well every one did, there came the sound of a horn, faint in the distance, then loud and clear, the clatter of hoofs, and a stage coach, drawn by four prancing steeds, with a bewigged, liveried coachman, drew up, and out of the coach stepped a group of lovely damsels and gallant cavaliers, in the costumes of 1776. On the lawn, in the moonlight, they danced the stately minuet, like the shadows of a beautiful dream, while faint and faraway, the music rose and fell. Then, without a word, re-entering the coach, the horses bore them swiftly out of sight. It was so weird and quaint it made me think of the legends of the South where the long gone ladies still walk, with their lovers, under the light of the moon. But after all they were very real people, whom we all know, and very "brave" they looked, when they joined us in the ball room, for the supper and dancing, after the remainder of the program was finished. The whole evening was so wonderful, that it loses the charm in the tell-



# Cheaters



By Caroline Reynolds

There is no other medium that approaches the educational value of the stage. Sermons are too often bound with dogma and creed; books are "skimmed" if in fiction form, and regarded as bores if offered as serious essays, but the man or woman who will have nothing to do with sermons or books will listen with intensest interest to the expressions of a playwright. Therefore, Paul Armstrong is assured of a far reach in his latest play, "The Escape," which preaches a greater sermon than was ever found in a "hope of heaven" dissertation. Were his name an unpronounceable cognomen ending with "berg" or "mann" or "vitch," and were his characters peasant folk in strange villages or lords and ladies in unusual surroundings, undoubtedly, Armstrong would be greeted by cults and culturines as a great writer; his plays would be dissected and more things found in them than the playwright ever dreamed. But as he is an American, and a prophet bath honor, etc.; Mrs. Smith will wait until she hears Mrs. Brown's opinion, before she decides whether or not he is worth while.

Armstrong is peculiarly American. He does not write English, he uses the American language, and there is a strong distinction between the two. There is nothing ponderous or weighty about his work; it is polished, his diction is excellent; he has something to say and he knows how to say it, but his expressions, his bluntness, his strength are as American as his types and scenes and problems. He uses the rapier and the bludgeon; he tears the veil from truth and leaves her shivering and nude. And yet to call his play daring is doing an injustice—that is, if the word is used in the accepted sense. Nowadays, to say that a drama is daring is to lure to the theater that type of play-attendant who is looking for the lascivious. Insofar as Mr. Armstrong talks plainly of the things that false modesty has kept hidden he is daring, but only the man or woman whose soul is tainted with evil could blush at his sayings.

Armstrong is tremendously earnest—so earnest that he makes his points too often, and weights his players with too many lines—but this is a slight fault. For four acts he holds both the mind and the emotions with his plea for the unborn and for those who have been thrust unwelcome into a squalid world. The characters employed to tell his story include Father and Mother Joyce, their eldest daughter, May—the center of the drama—their son, Larry, and their weakling daughter, Jenny. The father is a brutal animal; greedy, drunken, without a spark of the paternal instinct in his body. His wife is but a chattel and he would have his children the same. He resents the fact that May reaches out toward the light; wants to get away from the ugliness and filth of the tenement which is her home. May is good-looking, and Joyce intends to marry her to Jerry Magee, a teamster who has found her good to look upon and is inflamed with the desire of possession. May thinks she must submit, until a young police doctor wakens in her an ambition for better things. She refuses to sell herself for a marriage certificate, and leaves home. The battle is too hard for her; her moral sense is dormant, and when the opportunity comes to have the beautiful things of life she yields to the importunities of the wealthy senator who has surrendered to her beau-

ty. She reads, studies, thinks; then falls ill and is brought to life again by Doctor von Eiden, who has graduated from a police surgeon to a fashionable physician. Love for the doctor comes to her like a light in the darkness. During the long convalescence she broods, and the little spark of soul which was well nigh extinguished in the dross burns bravely. She refuses to see the senator; and he offers her marriage, not from love, but because in the fear of losing her his sense of possession is aroused; he wants no other man to have her; because in her refusal she once more becomes that thing which is always an eternal lure to the masculine, and which Pierre Loti would call "The Mystery." She refuses his offer, for in her heart she loathes him, and she cannot assume a sham respectability through having their relations farcically legalized. She rescues Jenny, whose frail body is worn out through disease and child-bearing; for Jenny has become the wife of Jerry. Through May's money earned as the mistress of the senator, Jenny is given a few days of rest and her weary soul enters the gate of death in perfect peace. The doctor asks May to become his wife, but she refuses to come to him until she has completely purged her soul. The final moment arrives when the doctor discovers that Larry's homicidal mania is not inherent viciousness, but the result of a clot on the brain, caused by a blow received from his father. As he is preparing to operate on the boy to remove this rotten spot, May comes back, as a trained nurse and together the two go to give the boy a chance to start life aright—a significant ending.

Mr. Armstrong's story of May is rather dangerous in that it may be accepted as a doctrine rather than an illustration. But he does not claim that a woman finds her soul through sin; he shows that love awakens her, but that she may be transmuted into finer metal by passing through the crucible. He also seeks to prove that it was no greater sin for May to sell herself to the senator for money, than to give herself to a man she loathed for the title of wife; bringing into the tenement his weakly, diseased children—children who have no right to existence, who will go to fill the brothels and the prisons and add to the burden and disease of the world. The playwright makes mistakes in the telling of his story—for instance, in the second act, May's conversation with her maid is not in keeping with her now refinement—women do not so freely discuss their "pasts" with maidservants. In real life there would not be many men like Dr. von Eiden; or if there were one, after his marriage to May he probably would still have the haunting thought that she once was the mistress of another. But in giving his play the conventional happy ending, Mr. Armstrong will probably reach more people than an artistic finish would make possible. Then too, the playwright has erred in permitting May to bargain with the senator; if the latter will introduce Dr. von Eiden's bill restricting marriage, in the legislature, she will become his wife. It is not for the good of humanity that May makes this offer; it is through a desire to give her lover his wish; in other words, it is to permit the doctor to realize his ambition, rather than to help the world.

But it is a big sermon Mr. Armstrong has written; a plea that children shall not be brought into the world

like litters of street dogs; that the state shall exercise control of marriage, so that the incompetent, the diseased, the unfit shall not mate and bring more incompetents into being. It is also a plea for the doing away of ignorance and of the right of the young to know the truth of life. Morals are a matter of self control with the great majority, and how can the battle be fought unless one is aware of one's adversaries? The play abounds in deft touches—there is humor, poignant pathos, and always an appreciation of the dramatic possibilities that keeps the interest keyed up. The character of May needs more of subtlety and softening—it is too evidently a man's portrait of a woman.

Wherever thinking women gather they have talked of the theme Mr. Armstrong has crystallized, and with the ballot as their weapon they are to begin the fight for better things. Mr. Armstrong does not solve the problems he presents—he suggests a solution, but better than that, he gives food for thought and for discussion, he awakens his hearers to the fact that the time is close at hand when this world-old situation must be met; else the race will become weaklings.

Sunday afternoon the Burbank company gave the play a production remarkably free from error. Florence Stone as May Joyce has a big part which she plays in a big way. She is a trifle inclined to deliver her lines in a recitative fashion—like the soprano who sings her solo to show off the best points of her voice rather than to exploit the music of the composer. But the emotional scenes are brilliantly handled, as is the contrast between the May of the tenements and the May of the new life. Forrest Stanley's delivery is also rhetorical, but he gives dignity and force to the part. Selma Daley is pathetically colorless as the pitiful Jenny, and Harry Mestayer's picture of Larry is a clean-cut etching that remains in the memory. The brutal Jerry of Robert Leonard,

the animal-like Joyce of Walter Edwards, the Mrs. Joyce of Lillian Elliott, the handsome senator of David Hartford, and the flippant shallowness of Grace Travers' Marsac, all assist notably in getting the play across, while the scenery is worthy of superlatives, especially the harmonious and lavish setting of the second act.

It seems a mistake to offer the play at the Burbank, where Sunday afternoon's audience appreciated the bludgeon, but never the rapier; where they laughed at the grimmest moments; where little girls in tight skirts and wondrous coiffures nudged each other leeringly at eugenic discussions, and where more than one matinee maiden was heard to decry the fact that "he never kissed her once." The audience liked the play; but perhaps not twenty persons in the entire house discovered its real value, and it is a play which deserves an understanding audience.

## High Class Bill at Orpheum

Barrie and Barrymore! The joy of having them both together is delightful, and perhaps their luster is only enhanced by the fact that they appear on a vaudeville bill. The Orpheum is no longer a variety show, in the old sense of the word. To be sure its programs are seasoned with the spice of life, but the gigantic strides of vaudeville entertainment never was better demonstrated than this season, when in a few short months we have had David Belasco's "Madame Butterfly" and "Drums of Oude," Bertha Kalich, Florence Roberts, and now Ethel Barrymore in that subtle, whimsical, humorously tragic gem of one-act plays, "The Twelve-Pound Look." Barrymore is one of the strongest favorites of the American stage, with her graceful awkwardness, her fascinating voice of unexpected personality. In the Barrie playlet she is Kate Sims, former wife of Harry Sims, middle-class, almost cockney, vulgar, worshipping at the shrine of Success. Kate has

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After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty  
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grown to despise his leaden soul, and when she earns £12, enough to pay for a typewriter, she wrenches his vanity and outrages his pride by leaving him to make her own living. Time passes. Sims is about to be made Sir Harry Sims, and the play opens with him and his new wife rehearsing the scene in which he is to be knighted. Comes a self-possessed typist to answer Sir Harry's letters of congratulation—and lo, it is Kate, the ex-wife. Sir Harry preens himself that the little woman must be green with envy for what she has missed—twits her that had she remained with him she would be Lady Sims and sharer in half a million pounds. But mockingly, yet pathetically, the girl paints him in his true colors—an egoist, a vulgarian, a sickening creature of coarseness and brutality; and warns him to look to his present wife, that he doesn't see the twelve-pound look in her eye. Even Sir Harry's thick skin is slightly penetrated, but not until after the typist has gone and his wife says wistfully, "How much do they cost—those type machines," does a glimmer of the truth come to him. It is all delightfully light on the surface, but throbbing with verity and grimness underneath, and in the brief act an entire lifetime is suggested. Miss Barrymore is entirely delightful as Kate, and she is well assisted by Percy Standing as the pompous bounder and Suzanne Sheldon as the subdued wife. Another good number is the protean work of Owen McGivney who plays an excerpt from Oliver Twist, portraying Fagin, Nancy, Bill Sikes, the Artful Dodger, and young Monk with changes so quickly made that they are almost incredible. It is an interesting act, and the audience is profuse in its appreciation. Owen Clark is a magician who does not mystify to any great extent, and Hazel Bryson sings and whistles without causing a riot. Holdovers are Deiro, the accordionist, the Ofedos' Manon Opera troupe, Claude and Fannie Usher and La Maze, acrobats.

#### "The Typhoon" at the Mason

Even in plays does the Yellow Peril threaten us, for the dramas in which the Japanese figure are becoming more and more frequent. "The Typhoon" is perhaps the most successful of these, and is a most interesting study of the characters of the Nipponese. However, the Corcoran version, which McKee Rankin is presenting at the Mason Opera House this week, is badly done, and while it cannot rob the play of all its virtues, it holds none of the absorbing interest found in a reading of the Meynhert Lenyel drama. It is the story of Tokeram, a young Japanese diplomat, who is sent to Paris on a mission for his country. He does his work well—until the inevitable woman enters in the form of a Parisian coquette. Tokeram's stoicism is a new experience for the Parisienne; his reserves which she cannot penetrate, excite her curiosity and her love of conquest. At last, Tokeram yields to her—and then, true to her nature, she laughs at him, flaunts her infidelities in his face. But it is not a Frenchman with whom she has to deal, and Tokeram's talons crush the breath from her throat. One of his countrymen takes the guilt of the murder in order that Tokeram may complete his mission. He succeeds in his task, but the struggle has been too much—he is no longer a stoic, an automaton—and his remorse and thoughts wear him out so that the curtain falls upon his death. As a study of the Oriental character the play is absorbing, and not even a production that is wearisome and an adaptation that loses much of its merits can rob it of all its interest. It were kinder not to criticize the actors' efforts, as in no instance are they satisfactory.

#### Offerings for Next Week

In no play of recent years has woman's loyalty to woman been so convincingly pictured as in David Belasco's production of "The Woman," which

comes to the Mason Opera House for the week beginning Monday night, Nov. 4, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. William C. DeMille, the author, adroitly exploits this virtue in Wanda Kelly, a clever telephone operator who refuses to disclose the secret of another woman's life and who is practically unknown to her. Besides teeming with heart interest, "The Woman" offers humor and comedy. It gives an insight into national politics—showing the tricks of the politicians who have a ruthless disregard for the welfare of the individual when the interest of "the party" is at stake. It pictures how insignificant are the demands of the constituency when the vast money power of Wall street puts its heel down on the office holder. In the Belasco offering Marjorie Wood will play the telephone girl, Marion Barney will have a powerful role. James Seely will be the "boss," and other parts will be assumed by capable actors.

Although Hartley Manners' delightful comedy, "The Money Moon," is attracting crowded houses, the fact that Manager Morosco has decided to give it a metropolitan production and that Miss Frances Ring is waiting to make her Los Angeles debut as the Belasco leading woman means that the play will be taken off Sunday evening, and Monday night Miss Ring will make her first appearance. She will have the role of Victoria Jessup in Wilson Dodd's comedy, "Speed," which is to be given its first presentation at the Belasco. Orrin Johnson will have the part of Edward Wise Jessup, and little Gertrude Short will be "Wizzy" Jessup. While "Speed" is announced as a comedy, it is essentially a keen satire on the modern methods of living beyond one's means, and besides being brim full of fun has an undercurrent of real drama. Thomas MacLarnie, James K. Applebee, Howard Scott, Beatrice Nichols and other Belasco favorites will be seen in the production, while Miss Winifred Bryson will make her first appearance as Martha, the Irish maid.

Ethel Barrymore's last week at the Orpheum will begin Monday matinee, Nov. 4. Despite all efforts to extend her engagement—amply justified by the "sold out" sign which has been hung out at every performance—it has been found impossible to effect it, as other cities are waiting for her visit. This leaves only the forthcoming week in which to enjoy her admirable presentation of "The Twelve Pound Look." Together with Miss Barrymore, the Orpheum will offer a strong bill. Jack Lane, assisted by Franklin Batie and Ada Lane have a sketch called "An Impromptu Review," which is an excuse for songs, dances, patter and wit. Another combination is made up of Mary Quive, a prima donna, and Paul McCarty, the singer. Miss Quive who is a sister of Grace van Studdiford, is also a violinist and Mr. McCarty is a pianist. Leonard Gautier calls his animal act "An Animated Toy Shop," and has a group of ponies and dogs posing in a toy shop setting. At command, they perform many bright tricks. Mary Elizabeth bills herself "comedienne," but is more of a society entertainer, using songs and stories. Mons. Demengene who was heard with the Grazi opera company, will offer solos, and holdovers are Owen McGivney in his protean play, "Bill Sikes," and Owen Clark, the magician. Following Miss Barrymore will come Joseph Jefferson, Jr., and "Le Ballet Classique."

Maybelle Berginer, who won her place on the program through her try-out at the first amateur night ever held in a cafe, will be the big feature of the cabaret show at Brink's cafe next week. She sings grand opera, light opera, and semi-classic selections. Another new feature of the bill will be furnished by Leonard Stephens, the ragtime piano player and baritone. He sings the latest tunes and plays his own accompaniments. Another singer

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## THE ESCAPE

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Beginning Monday Night, Nov. 4.

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Speed

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PRESENTS

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Last week of

## ETHEL BARRYMORE

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and player, and one who has been a great favorite this week, is Erol Collins, the boy balladist. Madame Dosena, Italian coloratura soprano, will have new opera arias, while Happyana Robinson will feature novel ragtime numbers. The Buechner concert trio complete the program.

Paul Armstrong's new play, "The Escape," has proved a tremendous suc-

cess at the Burbank, and the piece will enter upon its second week at the Sunday matinee. "The Escape" will not be given a long run here, however, as Manager Morosco plans to produce it in Chicago directly following its conclusion in this city. It proved one of the most instantaneous successes that have ever appeared on a local stage—

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

# Books

Because "John Hancock, the picturesque patriot," as Lorenzo Sears aptly styles this most interesting and remarkable figure of colonial and revolutionary days, was a man of action rather than of letters, and not much of a romancer even in his diplomatic and social relations, little remains that has not already been examined for the biographer to dig up from the past. Hence the chiefest interest in Mr. Sears' popular presentation of the spectacular career of Mr. Hancock lies in the personal estimate and commentaries upon certain marked characteristics and events which have heretofore been interpreted in a most uncomplimentary manner. "Hancock, with his customary fortune, headed the list and led the procession," he says. "He was not exactly a drum major, tossing a gilded pikestaff in advance of band and regiment, officers and troops, but he lacked nothing of the foremost place and splendor of the radiant leader who gives the time to a marching host." First in precedence, by reason of his social standing, at Harvard college; first in Boston, as one of its wealthiest merchants, this position to the fore, in the conflict to come with British government, evolved naturally when in 1768, his new sloop, "Liberty," arriving with wines from Madeira, was unloaded in defiance of the customs collector and subsequently taken into custody by the "Romney,"—a trivial incident yet full of import. Thus, Mr. Sears says "It must be admitted that John Hancock began it." And he continues, "It will be observed as his story proceeds that he was in the forefront of many movements and at the turning-point in several critical junctures." Another momentous opportunity came to Mr. Hancock to assume a pivotal position in the Massachusetts Constitutional convention when the opposition seemed about to carry against ratification. Leaving the president's chair he took the floor with such success that even Samuel Adams was induced to move the adoption of the amendments proposed, and ratification carried by nineteen votes in a total of three hundred and fifty-five; so narrow a majority as to indicate that there were still many doubts as to the expediency of a constitutional government. The growth of Hancock's patriotism and popularity was rapid and steady. The events, from the rather romantic flight from Parson Clark's to Billerica, in which the famous Dorothy Q. was concerned, to the gubernatorial years, form a fascinating and romantic record, to which Mr. Sears has done full credit. Of Hancock's conduct in retiring to Boston, from the siege of Newport, Rhode Island, when the French fleet was driven out to sea and so roughly rebuffed by the Bostonians, Mr. Sears comments: "Had it not been for Hancock's hospitable diplomacy even Lafayette might have found it impossible to restore a cordial understanding between the two countries. If it had been broken off, the war might have been prolonged so long as British ships could bring troops to a country that had no navy to protect its coasts and to supplement its army. He helped to keep up the French alliance in a time when it might have been dissolved to the loss of our independence." Hancock's peculiar record as custodian of the funds of Harvard is also the subject of commentary. In conclusion he says, "Let it be admitted that underneath the purple and fine linen, and despite his chariot and six, John Hancock had a true-

hearted devotion to liberty, inspiring a diligent, wise, and sincere service of his country for its needful union, eventual independence, and ultimate prosperity." In this spirit the picture of the stern and vain-glorious old patriot is pleasing and full of a large sympathy for a man whose vanity was harmless and at the same time exceedingly useful to the country at a crucial period. (John Hancock, the Picturesque Patriot." By Lorenzo Sears. Little, Brown & Co.)

## "The Keynote"

One of the promising foreign novels translated into English this year is "The Keynote," by Alphonse de Chateaubriant, "which won," the publishers announce, "the Prix Goncourt—the most distinguished reward France has to offer in any year for the greatest piece of French imaginative writing." The title is uninspired, and the apology for it commonplace. Desiring to avoid the French custom of giving the book the name of its principal character the translator explains that "Love is the Keynote of the Book" and so she calls the book "The Keynote." Were all books of which love is the keynote so entitled, the shelves of the bookshops would look like a score of a Puccini opera. Aside from this there is a solidity about the work which one does not find in most of the fiction of the day. Three persons furnish the main story, which is simple and direct. A young man, son of a wealthy farm owner, has disgraced himself early in youth and been practically exiled from home on a fair allowance. He accumulates a tremendous debt, nonpayment of which will result in his conviction of fraud and imprisonment. His father is notified, sacrifices his farms and pays the debt, his wife dying from the shock. The son's allowance is naturally cut off, and he has to come home. Throughout the story the father's indignation struggles with his love for the son, the latter displaying plainly his indifference to the parental anguish. How the young man finally comes to a realization of himself is a profound bit of psychology, as interesting as Henry James and as clear as De Maupassant. Not for the lover of stories, but for the devotee of literature it is a real find. The description of the sad old man seeking solace in his violin, and revealing his soul through his music, is one which is not soon forgotten. It is the author who brings his readers into intimate relations with his characters who wins the highest place, and this is what has been accomplished in "The Keynote." ("The Keynote." By Alphonse de Chateaubriant. (Translated from the French by Lady Theodora Davidson). George H. Doran Co.)

## For Very Young Readers

"Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land" is the latest of the series of books for the youngest of readers, inculcating ideals of deportment through the medium of fairy and nature stories. The imparting of elementary knowledge of geography, industry, ethics, play, and similar human activities and information, is thus carried on unconsciously and almost painlessly in the extremely young. The most attractive thing about the book is the illustrations, many of which have a quaint touch of humor. The little songs with music attached are also good. ("Nixie Bunny in Manners-Land." By Joseph C. Sindelar. Beckley-Cardy Co.)

## The Newest in Novels

The Soddy.—By Sarah Comstock.

The Pictures of Polly.—By Mary King Courtney.

George Helm.—By David Graham Phillips.

Mrs. Lancelot.—By Maurice Hewlett.

The Lady and Sada San.—By Frances Little.

The Unknown Quantity.—By Henry Van Dyke.

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## Gossip of Automobile Row

**Made It on a Motorcycle**—Many are the transcontinental automobile trips that are being made at this season of the year, but long distance motorcycle events are so rare as to deserve special mention. One of the more notable of these came to a close a few days ago when Nelson L. Moulton of Kittery, Me., arrived in Southern California after having ridden a six-horsepower Excelsior from the eastern slope. The trip was begun July 21, and the speedometer showed a mileage of more than 7000 miles. Miserable roads were encountered on many sections of the run. In Arizona Moulton rode for a part of the way through six inches of snow. The actual running time was twenty-six days.

**Up to the Legislature**—In response to repeated criticisms and general demand a bill raising the speed limit from twenty to thirty miles an hour on all county highways is to be presented to the legislature at Sacramento. The Inter-City Commission of Southern California is behind the movement, and feels that if Southern California is to continue in the popularity of eastern tourists such a measure must be passed.

**Saving the Cores**—To haul ten tons of apples seventeen miles in one day was the record of a Grabowsky truck owned by F. C. Golwitzer of Downey reported this week to Ned Cutting, manager of the truck department of the Hawley Kink company. The truck in question was a ton and a half vehicle, which makes the feat all the more remarkable.

**Motor Truck for Pullets**—W. M. Council, the Garfield truck salesman of the Lord Motor Car Company, recently sold to Captain T. T. Lovelace, a retired officer of the Columbian navy, a ton and a half motor truck, which the captain will use as a Pullman car for chickens in conveying them to market from a ranch he recently purchased. Captain Lovelace intends to raise chickens on a large scale, and believes the truck will be a useful adjunct to his business.

**Fairly Good Traveling**—More than 250 miles a day was averaged by F. S. Stimson, accompanied by his brother, C. D. Stimson, in a trip from Los Angeles to Seattle recently in a ninety horsepower Simplex car purchased here a few days previous. The total distance covered was 1551 miles.

**Paid a Traveling Call**—B. C. Spitzley, west coast representative of the Abbott-Detroit, has been a recent visitor at the Bekins-Speers company, local agents for that particular make of car.

**Putting on Airs**—Work is progress-

ing rapidly on the new home of the Pioneer Commercial Auto Company at North Main and Alameda streets, which is to be the first garage in the city exclusively for the use of motor trucks. O. B. Fuller, manager, states it will be ready for occupancy on or about January 1.

**Spanish Grandee Returns**—Don Lee, the Cadillac distributor for California, has returned to Los Angeles after a tour of inspection of all his branch agencies. He is now devoting his energies to hurrying the workmen on his new garage and salesroom at Twelfth and Main streets.

**Offerings for Next Week**  
(Continued from Page Thirteen)  
both artistically and from the box office standpoint. Since the first performance several changes have been made and flaws eliminated, so that now the production is in excellent shape. Florence Stone as May Joyce, Forrest Stanley, as the doctor, Harry Mestayer, Walter Edwards, Robert Leonard, Grace Travers, David Hartford and other of the company are seen in prominent roles, and are helping to make the play a success.

That most successful of Southern dramas, "In Old Kentucky," is announced as the attraction at the Majestic for the week beginning Sunday night. The popularity of this play of the Blue Grass country seems to be undying, and there is as much enthusiasm over the pickinny band and dancing and over the winning of the horse race by Madge, the little heroine, as there was in its first season. The company is headed by Miss Olive Skinner, who has never been seen here in the part but has been highly successful in the east. An excellent company and a big scenic production is promised, with all of the popular features that are expected in presentations of "In Old Kentucky." Valeska Suratt in the Shubert's production of the Viennese operatta, "The Kiss Waltz," will soon be seen at the Majestic.

"Put Yourself in His Place" is the special attraction scheduled for the Mozart theater for the week beginning Monday afternoon, Nov. 4, and is adapted from the famous book of Charles Reade. The pictures give a vivid interpretation of this novel, the films following closely the story of Coventry, who seeks to cheat Henry Little of the love of Grace Gardner. Another interesting film is "The Cotton Industry," which shows the care and treatment of crude cotton and its spinning, as well as the different processes in the making of thread and cloth. Industrial subjects are becoming great favorites with the follower of the motion picture, and are being given greater attention by picture-makers. New selections on the auxetophone and other features are planned.

### NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
United States Land Office.  
Los Angeles, California, Oct. 17, 1912.  
To ROBERT CAMPBELL, of 308 N. Hill St., contestee:

You are hereby notified that Fannie Robert, who gives Newberry Park as her post-office address, did on Sept. 25, 1912, file in this office her duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 010535, Serial No. —, made May 13, 1910, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$  Section 11, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for her contest she alleges that Robert Campbell has abandoned said land for more than two years last past, that he has not built a house or habitation on said land, that he has not cleared or cultivated said land; that said land is in a state of nature.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post-office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post-office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5, 1912.  
Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1133), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, San Bernardino Meridian, situate in the Los Angeles Land District, and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 15th day of November, 1912.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
010831 Not coal lands.  
Oct. 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles F. Haskell, of Newberry Park, Cal., who, on June 3, 1910, made Homestead Entry No. 010831, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 12, T. 1 S., R. 19 W., and Lot 1, Section 7, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 20th day of November, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Coffee, of Los Angeles, Cal.; John Clifford, of Los Angeles, Cal.; James H. Roberts, of Newberry Park, Cal.; Nathan Wise, of Newberry Park, Cal.  
FRANK BUREN, Register.

### Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$487.85. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

**Wanted**—Young woman of fair education and good address for responsible position with compensation attached. Must be of neat appearance, fairly well dressed and willing to work. Apply between 12 and 1 o'clock Monday at office of The Graphic, 403-4 San Fernando Building, and ask for Mr. Beall.

### NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
United States Land Office.  
Los Angeles, California, Sept. 30, 1912.  
To Chas. Harry Stanard of Los Angeles, Cal., contestee:

You are hereby notified that William Curtis Page who gives 615 W. 6th St. as his post-office address, did on August 29, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 11100, Serial No. 03811, made May 5, 1906, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that you have not resided on said land nor erected a house or habitation thereon. None of the land has been cultivated, and you have abandoned the same for six months past.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be cancelled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the Fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

### NOTICE OF CONTEST

Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office,  
Los Angeles, California, Oct. 7, 1912.  
To Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander of Covina, California, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Wallace L. Thompson, who gives 3946 Denker Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., as his postoffice address, did on Sept. 6th, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 010877, Serial No. —, made June 7, 1910, for E $\frac{1}{2}$  of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , SE $\frac{1}{4}$  of NE $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 15, and NW $\frac{1}{4}$  of SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 14, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said Henrik J. L. W. Bjerkander has abandoned said land for more than two years last past to contestant's knowledge, has built no house or habitation thereon, and has not cultivated said land in any manner whatsoever, and said land is in its natural state.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post-office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.

FRANK BUREN, Register.  
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

### DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands.  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.  
Dec. 8, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal., who, on November 13, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11211, Serial No. 03882, for E $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 11, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 12, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 19th day of November, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. W. Von Arnswaldt, Alfred Hinker, Fred H. Post, J. D. Heron, all of Topanga, Cal.  
FRANK BUREN, Register.



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# Stocks & Bonds



Several influences have been at work this week to bring about unsatisfactory market conditions, so far as Los Angeles stock exchange trading is concerned. At least one, former highly regarded oil security, by cutting off its dividend entirely, in the face of satisfactory earnings, registered a drop of close to fifty points in its shares, between two days, which, taken in connection with the near approach of the presidential election, has driven the public out of the market for the time with a feeling akin to panic.

Rice Ranch, heretofore a dependable petroleum stock, which has been paying one and a half per cent a month for more than a year, unexpectedly cut this disbursement out entirely Monday, causing the market to sag all along the line. It had been reported that the dividend was to be reduced, but Exchange Alley had no idea that the slaughter was to be anything so extensive as it developed. Barring a few insiders, not an inkling was permitted to escape in regard to the subject. It is reported that something of a killing was made by a few persons who knew what was coming at least a day ahead of the general public. There is talk of an investigation and whether or not it takes place there is no doubt that this manipulation has injured trading in a manner that will not be soon forgotten.

Among the major oils the Unions have not been strong this week, while Associated continues to act in a most erratic fashion. Evidently, the attempt to force the stock into the Wall street limelight has, after all, not yet really materialized. Doheny Americans are dull, and the Mexicans of the same family incline to softness. Central remains inactive and Columbia is somewhat stronger than it was at the last report. Western Union is dead and Amalgamated is not showing form for anything like an early permanent advance.

Bank stocks are weak for the time, with Security Savings in demand at

lower prices, and with American Savings to the front, the first time in years, offered, with no real hunger for the shares. California Savings is wanted and Central National is lower. First National and F. & M. National are in sight at lower quotations than have ruled recently. Citizens National seems to be in the same class.

Industrial shares are firm, with the Edisons still wanted and with L. A. Investment as hard as ever, ex dividend. L. A. Home preferred is off once more about a point from recent high levels.

Bonds are wanted, especially Associated Oil 5s and a few of the better known water issues. Pacific Light & Power 5s sold this week at 97½.

Among the mining stocks Consolidated, after climbing better than a point has again settled to about the best of recent prices.

Cheaper oils, such as National Pacific and California Midway, are in the dumps, with the last-named shares, however, a purchase once more, it is predicted.

Money is a bit hard, with indications for an easier market as soon as the result of the National election is known.

## Banks and Bankers

El Monte is to have a new bank with a capital stock of \$50,000, to open Jan. 1.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

Although September is considered the dullest financial month in the year, the Los Angeles Investment Company sold real estate to the amount of \$604,086, of which \$117,951 was in residence tracts in the southwest. Four hundred and thirty-four new stockholders bought into the company in that month. A dividend amounting to more than \$250,000 was declared by the company November 1.

Glendora is agitating a bond issue of \$82,500 for new school buildings.

## CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME.	OFFICERS.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE</b> IN LOS ANGELES N. E. Cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. H. J. STAVE, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
<b>MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA</b> N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. MCKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000
<b>CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZOMBRO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00 Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000
<b>CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK</b> S. W. Cor. Third and Main	A. J. WATERS, President. E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.
<b>COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK</b> 401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.
<b>FARMERS &amp; MERCHANTS NAT. BANK</b> Corner Fourth and Main	L. W. HELLMAN, President. V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.
<b>FIRST NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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of

# California

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**Q** Go to the Polls with-  
out fail. Vote the

# Anti-Bull Moose Ticket

And Smash the Machine  
that Disfranchised the Cali-  
fornia . . . . .

# Republican Party

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VS.

## STANFORD

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# Wireless From Santa Claus

## "My!" Says Santa Claus---

"I thought I had enough Dolls made for Bullock's—I don't just remember how many I did make, but there were hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of them from the tiniest baby dolls to great big grown-up dolls as big as baby herself—

*"And then, do you know, I decided to take a trip to Los Angeles in my aeroplane and look over the situation for myself.*

*"It's lucky I did—for when I reached the city and landed on Bullock's Roof Garden, and saw that great new addition they are building—(12 Stories counting Basement and Sub-Basement)—and how much of it is going to be ready for the holidays, and how much of it I am going to have for myself—I knew I hadn't made my plans nearly great enough—*

*"So I just got into my Aeroplane again and flew back to Santa Claus land just as fast as I could—and now all my factories are working overtime making more Dolls, more Toys, more Wheel Goods, more Steam Engines, Velocipedes, Bicycles, Tricycles—more of everything that I had already made so many of for Bullock's. And great Airship loads are going forward every night. I tell you I'm going to make Bullock's the greatest Christmas Store Los Angeles has ever known—both for children and grownups—*

*"Little Boys and Girls should begin making out their lists right now—*

*"So should Papa, and Mama, and Everyone—*

*"It's not going to be a 'Last-Minute' Year—*

*"I'm going to plan my route early—so don't delay—Let me know as soon as you can just what you want—and Remember, Don't forget to have the chimney open wide on Christmas Eve—*

*"I'm making a great show of Dolls now on the 3rd floor at Bullock's—But, after all it's merely a preliminary display—*

*"Wouldn't you like to go and see it on Monday?—*

*"I'd like to have you go so much—*

*"Good bye—just for a little while—You can't imagine how busy I am—Write me a letter, care Bullock's."*

"SANTA CLAUS."

